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B O S T O N U N I V E R S I T Y
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Thesis

H U M A N I T A R I A N I S M

ILLUSTRATED BY

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

A NINETEENTH CENTURY MINISTER

1823--1920

Submitted by

Sarah Augusta Loomis

(A.B. Mount Holyoke, 1903)

In partial fulfillment of requirements for
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F O R E W O R D

"If an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of the opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man's life modify him from without; how did he modify these from within? With what endeavors and what efficacy rule over them; with what resistance and suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him; what and how produced was his effect on society?"

Thomas Carlyle's "Essay on Burns."

Although I shall attempt to present an autobiography, primarily, yet I hope to keep constantly in mind two subjects. So far as my subject's individual life is concerned, his own account should reveal "the mysterious workmanship of man's heart" and how he came to feel that power lay in the study of the Bible, in love, and in prayer. In the second place, as he reviews the happenings of those ninety-six years, he should prove that underneath this so-called mechanical age there lie hidden spiritual forces whose beginnings and growth he has observed with the clear vision of a pioneer.



HUMANITARIANISM

ILLUSTRATED BY

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NINETEENTH CENTURY MINISTER

1823--1920

Book I Psychological Background

1823--1826 Huttonsville, Virginia

Book II Adolescence

1836--1843 Bennington, Vermont

Book III Technical Training

1843--1847 Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts

1847--1850 Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, N.J.

Book IV Maturity

1850--1893 Pownal, Vermont
Littleton, Massachusetts
Christian Commission
Chesterfield, Illinois
Memphis, Missouri
Bonne Terre, Missouri
Oakwood, Michigan
Chesterfield, Massachusetts

Book V Retirement

1893--1920 Bedford, Massachusetts
Centerville, Massachusetts

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 INSTITUTION BY
 AN AUTOGRAPHY OF A KINETIC COUNTRY
 1887-1890

Book I Personalities

1887-1890: Hotchkiss, Virginia

Book II Associations

1887-1890: Bennington, Vermont

Book III Technical Training

1887-1890: William College, W. Hartford, Massachusetts

1887-1890: Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J.

Book IV Technical

1887-1890

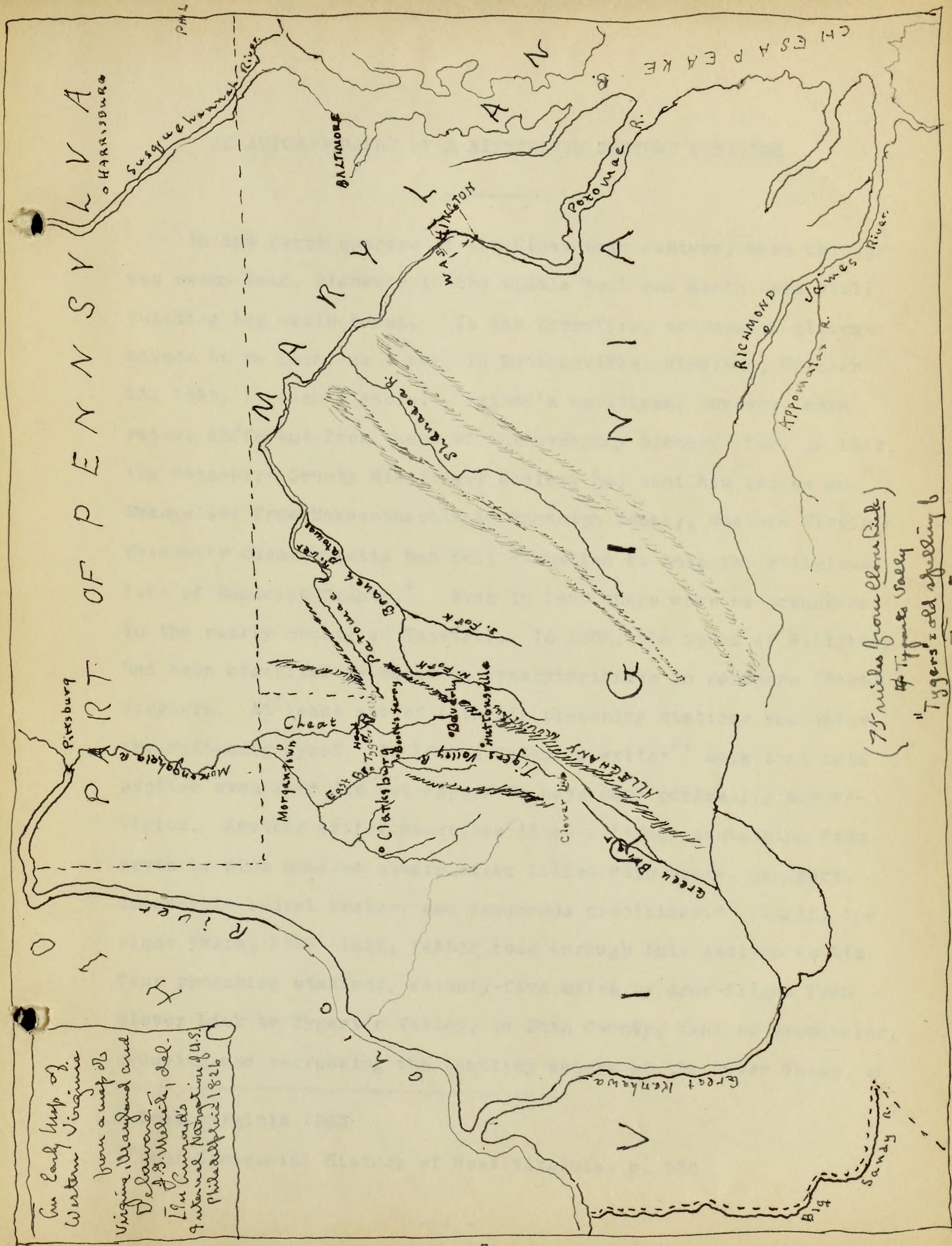
Technical, Vermont
 Technical, Colorado
 Technical, California
 Technical, Illinois
 Technical, Missouri
 Technical, New York
 Technical, Wisconsin
 Technical, Michigan
 Technical, Massachusetts

Book V Religious

1887-1890

Religious, Massachusetts
 Religious, Pennsylvania

An Early Map of
 Western Virginia
 from a map of
 Virginia, Maryland and
 Delaware
 by J. B. Meade, del.
 In Currier's
 9th Annual National Map of U.S.
 Philadelphia 1826



(75 miles from Clarksburg)
 44 Tygarts Valley
 "Tygers" old spelling
 Tygarts

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NINETEENTH CENTURY MINISTER

In the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century, when Chicago was swamp land, pioneers in the Middle West and South were still building log cabin homes. It was therefore, no unusual circumstance to be born, as I was, in Huttonsville, Virginia, October 13, 1823, in such a cabin. Father's ambitions, however, were rather different from those of the everyday pioneer, for, in 1818, the Hampshire County Missionary Society had sent him out as an Evangelist from Massachusetts to Randolph County, Western Virginia. Evidently Massachusetts had felt compelled to help the religious life of Randolph County.[†] Even in 1850 there were no preachers in the nearby county of Tazewell. In 1802, the Synod of Pittsburg had been organized to built up Presbyterianiam in northern (West) Virginia. At least one of father's preaching stations was under the Pittsburg Synod. In 1863 a Catholic writer⁺⁺ says that this section even then did not appear to have many professing any religion. Another writer describes it as a "tract containing from seven to nine hundred square miles filled with bears, panthers, impassable laurel brakes, and dangerous precipices." During the eight years, 1818--1826, father rode through this section to his four preaching stations, seventy-five miles by crow-flight from Clover Lick to Tygart's Valley, to Bath County, Head of Greenbriar, crossing and recrossing the tumbling waters of the River Cheat, or

[†] West Virginia 1863

⁺⁺Semi-Centennial History of West Virginia, p. 536

Tygarts Valley, or Monongahela West Branch. Two or three and once four weeks at a time (on Pittsburg Synod journeys) would he be traveling these sombre Hemlock forests, gun alert for wolves and deer, panthers, and even buffalo. "His toils by danger dignified,"⁺ his home return brought infinite comfort to the wanderer as well as to the lonely wife.

In face of all such hardships, Sarah Goodman had indeed made a happy home for her husband ever since, in 1819, he had brought her, a bride, from Greenfield, Massachusetts. He had built the cabin sufficiently low to allow the sun to slant well over it to our garden. My earliest memories are of weeding here with my father and my six-year old brother Aretas. I suppose that father's struggle with those Virginia laurel brakes had made him especially proud of the results. The garden was L shaped, with beds mathematically straight as to rows and paths, so planted that the waving corn shut off the cow-pasture from mother's east window, leaving her pinks and violets to the north behind the cabin where she could see them from her sewing chair by the chimney. Father always planted enough for ourselves and "to spare" for all the neighbors. All through the spring and early summer, it was the duty of Aretas and myself to keep along beside father's hoe and toss each loosened weed into the basket. Weeding was such a serious business: I must be sure to know a weed leaf from the onion spike. The fun came when father carried the heaping bushel basket of weeds around the corner to the chickens and my little black and white pig. I used to be so excited lest this same Spotty should not have his share that father would set me up on his shoulder that I might supervise the scramble. He taught me,

⁺De Haas "History of Early Settlements and Indian Wars of West Virginia"

Virginia Valley, or Winchester West Branch. Two or three and some
four weeks at a time for Pittsburg Spring, Pennsylvania, would be the travel-
ing time and expense for such a journey, but a lot for travel and time, and
more, and even further. This is the danger of the matter. The
same thing might happen in the winter as well as in
the summer.

In case of all such hardships, when Godman had intended to
begin his for his husband's estate, in 1811, he had thought that
wife, from Pennsylvania, Massachusetts. He had only the capital and
thirty-five to thirty-six and so forth, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth,
my earliest recollections are of reading here with my father and my
very old brother Andrew. I suppose that father's struggle with
those Virginia lands began had made him especially proud of the
possession. The garden was a small, with beds of variously arranged
as to the garden, so planted that the waving tops of the
rows of the garden were not visible. Leaving her garden and the
to the north of the garden where one could see the line of the
ing down by the chimney. Father always planted enough for his
garden and "in spare" for all the neighbors. All through the spring
and early summer, it was the duty of Andrew and myself to keep along
side of father's bed and take each blossom when into the basket.
Reading was such a serious business: I must be sure to have a good
rest from the garden after. The two days when father carried the
reading under a basket of weeds about the garden to the chimney and
my little black and white pig. I used to be so excited that I
knew I should not have the share that father would not be so
as the children that I might receive the same. He taught me.

too, how happy I could make that pig by scratching his back gently with a crooked stick.

As a special treat, when father came home from an unusually long circuit tour, he would lift Aretas and me up on the back of our white horse, "Steady," and lead him down the winding, wooded path to the brook. Summer or winter, father made the journey full of keen pleasure. He always took time to put into my hand a dogwood blossom, or a blood-root, or a gay October maple leaf. He might make me a snowball to throw against the black tree trunk. or stop to listen to the chattering grey squirrel, scolding us from the crotch of the walnut tree. All these incidents may seem too trivial to mention, but through them I discovered precious gifts that have stayed with me all these ninety-six years; the love of a garden where I could dig and tuck in the seeds, watch for their coming, could tickle the roots of the growing plants, and feel the pleasant warmth of summer earth; the companionship and care of animal friends, be they chickens or pigs or horses; the free beauty of the woods, an apple tree with or without its leaves, the pink laurel, the thrush, the dipping swallow, the noisy brook.

Here in Virginia, the woods brought lessons, also, about meeting danger. Aretas and I must not walk beyond the pasture fence or the pig-pen, not even down the brook path lest we be surprised by wolves or bears or a screeching panther. The last New Year's Day we were in Huttonsville, 1826, was indeed an eventful one for Aretas and me. When we went out to gather the eggs, the dark hills to the north of our cabin had brought an early twilight, making the tall pine behind Spotty's pen look like a huge black

...and happy I could make that day of my life. I was
with a crowded sick.
In a crowded street, when I had been from an hour
long, I could tell, we would lift it up and on the back of
our white horse, "Bobby," and lead him down the hill, and
out to the road. I was at home, I had been for some
time of ten minutes. He always took me to the same place
a dogwood blossom, or a black-berry, or a gay-colored flower.
He might make me a good deal to show against the black horse.
or and to lead to the beautiful city square, and then
from the street of the street. All these things are
too small to mention, but through them I discovered
little that have stayed with me all these other years. The love
of a garden where I could dig and look in the soil, and for
their beauty, could think the roots of the growing plant, and
feel the pleasant warmth of summer sun, the blossoming and
care of small things, as they blossom or die or rot; the
true beauty of the world, an apple tree with its leaves,
the pink lilies, the lilies, the lilies, the lilies, the lilies.
Here in Virginia, the most beautiful land, and, about me
the lilies. And I must not walk beyond the garden fence
of the city, and even down the broad path. We are surprised
by white or red or a speckled one. The first New York
day we were in Haverhill, 1845, was indeed an eventful one for
us. When we went out to catch the train, we were
told to go north of our cabin and through an early field.
And the tall pine behind Sperry's was like a giant.

giant. I felt queer inside. As I glanced at the pine I felt queerer. Two glaring eyes shone from the dusk of the lowest branch. Aretas pulled me home so fast that I cried out as I stumbled in the deep snow, for father had warned us over and over again against such a big cat (panther). When mother heard our story, and learned that we had forgotten the eggs, she gave us a bright lantern and sent us back with the heartening assurance that such big cats were afraid of moving light. We must have those eggs for supper and if I swung the lantern up and down, the big cat would not touch me nor my baby pig. Mother stood in the open door while Aretas and I went to meet our trouble alone. Perhaps my stumbling retreat through the snow had scared off the eyes. Anyway our reluctant advance found the dark tree without any eye spots in it. Still I swung that lantern vigorously, making believe I was father. For many years afterward, I firmly believed that I really saved the life of Spotty, not to mention my brother's and my own. Incidentally we enjoyed eating scrambled eggs for supper.

The next morning we found bear tracks in the snow beneath the south window by the door. Father had been away for three weeks now and mother was not so lighted-hearted as usual. This time, when he had left in December, father had given her into our special keeping. Aretas, now "going on seven", was old enough to tug in most of the smaller firewood from the pile under the south window, but the heavy five foot back logs our neighbor, Mr. Hutton, stacked on end by the chimney each morning. All day the heavy clouds and a cutting wind kept us busy making the house warm enough for comfort. We gathered the eggs long before darkness had made a black

... I felt great shame. As I glared at the man I felt
... The glances were from the back of the lower window.
... as I stepped in the
... for father had warned me that I should not
... When mother heard our story, and learned that
... she gave me a bright look and sent me
... back with the necessary assistance that such girls should
... of moving light. We must have those eggs for supper and it is
... the lantern up and down, the big cat could not touch me nor my
... night. Mother stood in the open door while I went to
... out through the door. Perhaps my shouting startled through the
... and started off the dog. Another old neighbor came to
... back from church and the dog is still I know that father
... vigorously, saying believe I was faint. For many years afterwards
... I firmly believed that I really saved the life of Betty, and in
... lion by brother's and my own. Indubitably we enjoyed riding
... and again for supper.
... The next morning we found that father in the new house the
... south window by the door. Father had been away for three weeks
... however mother was not so frightened-hearted as usual. This time
... when he had left in December, father had given her a new
... keeping. Alas, not feeling as never, was also enough to let
... most of the smaller livestock from the big under the south window.
... and the heavy five foot back legs and neighbor, Mr. Nelson, cleaned
... on and by the chimney each morning. All day the heavy clouds and
... a collision with kept us busy making the house very rough for con-
... first. We gathered the eggs into a large basket and made a place

wall, rendered still more mysterious by swift whirling flakes. When mother realized how solemn our responsibility for her safety from shining eyes and the bear tracks and beating storm made us, she told us to pile the wood higher on the hearth and to draw up for her father's big chair in front of the blaze. We dragged the long low stool to her feet and sat listening eagerly while she told us stories of what she used to do when she was our age in her Greenfield, Massachusetts home. Those had been happy, safe times in this New England village. Finally, she made us forget, in the crackling firelight, everything else when she whispered first in Aretas's ear and then in mine, a precious secret she had been keeping from us for months. She was hoping, yes praying, that we soon would have a baby sister to play with! If only father would come home to watch over us. Just before we climbed into bed, we helped her fill the fireplace with the sturdy oak logs, pulled aside the woven window curtains and set a candle on the ledge, that the flame and its light might carry their yellow gleams over the path to father if he chanced to come. Hardly had we been tucked under the quilts five minutes when we heard above the snow whirling against the pane the trot of a horse over the bridge, crunching steps at the door, the rattle of our latch, and there was father, a snow man, hugging us all so tight, after he had shaken his surtout, that we were all breathless with joy. Before he could say anything, Aretas and I shouted out mother's precious secret. The deep smile in father's eyes for mother changed to a question for us boys as to our care of her. When he heard how we had gone back to gather the eggs in spite of the big cat's eyes, he went out to bring from his saddle bags two packages.

well, happened still more important of which I shall mention. When
mother realized her solemn and responsible for her safety from
himself, and the bear tracks and feeling alone and, the
us to take the road higher on the north and to drive up for the
there's his chair in front of the house. We dropped the lamp for
about to get lost and not following eagerly while she told us the
rise of what she used to do when she was out in her childhood.
then-chance home. Those had been heavy, cold times in this New
England village. Finally, she made a mistake, in the evening
light, everything else when she whispered that in Arctur's ear
and then in mine, a glorious secret she had been keeping from us for
months. She was hoping, yes, saying, that we would have a
very sister to play with. If only Father would come home to watch
over us. Just before we climbed into bed, we talked for till the
freedom with the sturdy old boys, pulled with the wren window
curtains and set a candle on the ledge, that the lamp and its light
might carry their yellow flames over the path to Father if he should
to come. Hardly had we been tucked under our quilts five minutes
when we heard above the snow whirling against the pane the soft of a
hand over the ridge, crumpling steps at the door, the rattle of
our latch, and there was Father, a snow man, bending us all to
light, after he had shaken his skirt, that we were all breathless
with joy. Before he could say anything, Arctur and I shouted out
mother's precious secret. The door swung in Father's eyes for
Father changed to a question for us boys as to our state of health.
Heard how we had kept back to Father the eggs in spite of the big
cat's eyes, he went out to bring from his candle some two packages.

Aretas's was larger than mine -- a foot-long brown birch-bark canoe that would really float down in the brook pool; but I liked my dull pointed knife better because I could whittle so many things with it. Small wonder that all this excitement made us watch, for a long, long time after father had tucked us into bed, the fire, flickering shadows into the dark corners of the room. The canoe had to lie on the pillow above Aretas's head but my knife was fast in my right hand under my cheek.

Neither was it strange the next morning that we both had sleepy eyes and protested against tumbling out of our snug bed and scrambling into our clothes. Neighbor Hutton had pounded long on the door to see if we were all safe, for all night the driving snow had drifted high, even covering the windows to the north and he had feared that father might be still away and mother in trouble.

As always when father was at home, adventures began. Mr. Hutton took us off to spend the day at his home a mile away across the brook and up a hill. I was so bundled up that I could neither walk nor roll, but in father's arms, on Steady's back, we jogged along. Father took Mrs. Hutton home on his horse to visit mother while Mr. Hutton helped us make a snow fort. The wind had packed the snow so hard that he could cut it into solid cakes. Aretas tugged and hauled at them quite skilfully, but I kept tumbling about and constantly had to be righted. Baked potatoes, warm milk, apple sauce and a maple heart at a small table by the fire made me happy. By afternoon a warm sun and gentle south wind had so softened the snow that we could roll a snow man. That was more fun. They lifted me up to put in the sticks for its turned-up mouth and eyes and nose, but Aretas had

Archer's was larger than mine - a foot-long brown blind-bird canoe
that would really float down in the great pool; but I liked it better
because I could sit in it as long as I liked. I was a boy,
and I remember that all this excitement made me watch, for a long
long time after Father had taken us into the lake, thinking
perhaps into the dark corners of the woods. The canoe had to be
the only one above Father's head but it was not in my line
head under the water.

Father was in the water the next morning that we both had
sleepy eyes and protested against anything but of our own and
something like our father. Father was not a boy and
on the boat he said it was all right. For all right the diving
and had drilled him, even covering the windows in the north and
he had feared that Father might be still away and not in trouble.
As always when Father was at home, adventures were. Mr. Hot-
ten took us off to spend the day at his house a mile away across the
brook and as a hill. I was as happy as that I could not sleep with
not rest, but in Father's arms, on Uncle's back, we looked along.
Father took Mr. Hotten home on his horse to visit with Mr. Hot-
ten. Father helped us make a good boat. The wind had blown the snow so
hard that he could not go into the lake. Father was not a boy and
at that time the only thing I had I kept thinking about and constantly
to be right. Father was not a boy and I was a boy and a man.
I was at a small table by the fire and as happy. By afternoon a
rain and gentle south wind had collected the snow that we could
roll a snow man. That was the end. They lifted me up to put in
the sticks for the turning-up again and again, but Father had

to pull on its tall hat.

When nothing was left of the sun but a golden glow, we were glad enough to hear the thud, thud of Steady coming up the hill. Father lifted Aretas to Steady's back and set me on his own shoulder. Not even in the black shadows under the thick hemlocks was I afraid, riding high, with my arm tight round father's neck. By the time we came in sight of our cabin the deep woods behind the garden and cow pasture were but a black blur, all the gold had left the sky, and I could see nothing but mother's window light making a yellow path across the snow. As I snuggled closer to father, he stopped Steady and told us boys to look up into the sky. I had never before been out when it was so dark. There high, high above me were countless sparks, steady sparks. Aretas said that he could see the North Star and a Big Dipper that father showed him, but I thought that they were making believe. Our dipper on the shelf was white and held water and all those twinkles looked the color of mother's ring. 'Twas too cold to stop long. Father hurried us to the door but cautioned us as he lifted the latch that mother might be resting. We stole in quietly enough till we saw Mrs. Hutton rocking a cradle near the candle-stand in the warmest corner by the hearth. Hand in hand we tiptoed across to peek in. True enough, there lay a small baby in a sweet sleep. We turned to find mother quiet in her bed. So lovingly she looked at us while father told us that we really had a baby sister, Sarah.

From the very first, that sister seemed to belong more to me than to anyone else in the family. She lived in my cradle and expected me to rock her and pick up whatever she dropped. Even when

is full on its tall hat.

When nothing was left of the cup but a golden glow, we were
glad enough to hear the sound, kind of steady coming at the hill.
Father lifted again to steady's back and sat on his own small
seat. Not even in the black shadows under the little bench was
I sitting, riding high, with my eye right toward Father's nose.
The time we came in sight of our cabin the deep woods behind the
timber and our masters were not a stone's throw, all the gold had
left the sky, and I could see nothing but water, water light
looking a yellowish green under the snow. As I stepped closer to
Father, he stopped steady and told me how to look up into the sky.
I had never before seen out what it was so dark. That's right, right
above me were countless sparks, steady sparks. Father said that he
could see the North Star and a little brighter than Father showed him,
but I thought that they were really brighter. But right on the
left of the white and held water and all around Father's head the
color of mother's ring. These too could be seen from Father
passed us to the door but cautioned us not to lift the latch
that mother might be resting. We stole in quietly and
we saw Mrs. Faxon looking a strange way the candle-light in the
western corner of the hearth. Hand in hand we slipped across to
good in. True enough, there lay a small baby in a sweet sleep.
He turned to find mother sitting in her bed. So lovingly she looked
at us while Father told us that we really had a baby sister, Susan.
From the very first, that sister seemed to belong more to me
than to anyone else in the family. She lived in my cradle and ex-
posed me to cold and rain up whatever she dropped. Even when

father went off for his longest trips, I never again was lonesome. We could use Baby Sarah in so many ways and especially in our favorite doctor game. There was no doctor in all this section of Randolph County but father had spent any odd moments he could find in studying the simplest remedies for the most common ailments of the mountain people. At several times of epidemic distemper he closed the church services and catechism classes and spent his whole time nursing people all up and down his seventy-five miles of parish.

Once, as a special reward, he taught us how to weigh our play medicines on his little iron medicine scales. Afterwards he made us make-believe ones. For hours, Aretas and I would play doctor together, always, however, disagreeing as to which should be the doctor, which the patient. Generally, being the younger, I had to chew the bitter camomile leaf or sage Aretas picked in the garden. Now, however, that we had a baby, I could be mother, and Sarah the patient. Mother, happening along one day, suggested that we feed the medicine to the fire.

This spring, in April, when I was "going on" in my fourth year, we boys had another exciting experience. One day, Mr. Hutton came to borrow mother's largest black kettle, so large that it had to hang from a stick over an out-door fire. Mr. Hutton said that we could come, too, and help with the kettle if we would not stay round under foot. Such fun we did have watching the sap drip out of the holes bored in the maple trees on the hill slope south of his cabin. He let me hold the wooden spouts while he bored the holes and Aretas brought the pails to catch the dripping sweet water. The year before, Aretas, hearing that maple sugar

father went off for his longest trip, I never again was lonely.
He could use baby John in any way and especially in any favor-
the doctor's. There was no doctor in all this section of Kan-
sas but father had spent any and all money he could find in
buying the simplest remedies for the most serious ailments of the
country in general. At several times of epidemic disease he closed
the church services and catechism classes and spent his whole time
visiting people all over his seventy-five miles of parish.

Once, as a special reward, he taught us how to make our own
remedies on his little iron medicine scales. Afterwards he made
us make-believe ones. For hours, father and I would play doctor
together, always, however, diagnosing as to which should be the
doctor, which the patient. Generally, being the younger, I had to
be the doctor. One day he gave me a little bottle of medicine
and said, "Now, that we had a baby, I could be mother, and nurse the
patient. Mother, happening along one day, requested that we take
the medicine to the fire."

This spring, in April, when I was "going on" in my fourth
year, we once had another exciting experience. One day, Mr. Bur-
ton came to father's house with a large black kettle, as large as I
had seen from a ditch over an out-door fire. Mr. Burton said
that we could use it, too, and help with the kettle if we would not
stay around water. And then we did have water. The day
before one of the holes in the water tank on the hill above
south of his cabin. He let me hold the wooden spoon while he
scraped the holes and then began the work to catch the dripping
water. The year before, winter, hearing that water was

came from these trees, had been deeply disappointed at his failure to cut sweet sugar off from the maple tree bark. Mr. Hutton's methods proved more successful. One day we roasted potatoes in the glowing coals under the kettle, and boiled eggs in the sap. Our desert was bread dipped into a small cup half full of the sweet syrup. When Mr. Hutton brought back the kettle, inside it mother found an eight-pound cake of maple sugar. Father protested against its size. Mr. Hutton said that at least a pound or two was due us for our labor! My share was the first reward for work done for anyone but my family.

In spite of our fun in sugaring time, this spring was a strange one for us boys. One part of our work we missed. Father did not plant his garden because it seemed best to "terminate his labors" among these kindly people. After a sacrament, he wrote home to his father that "not a communicant appeared unmoved and many of the spectators were affected to tears. Had I witnessed in New England the same external appearance, I should have drawn the conclusion that an awakening had commenced. Though I could hope for the best yet I fear that many of the feelings excited in the spectators were momentary, and occasioned by the novelty of the scene." A "valley of dry bones" described too accurately, he said, the permanent condition of many of the "souls" under his care. Added to this spiritual discouragement was his own failing health. As his labors increased from one to four or five preaching stations, taking him even into southern Pennsylvania, so much horseback riding was too severe a drain on his strength. Father had also been long dissatisfied with the concern of others about "strengthening the religious par-

These three things, had been already discussed at this time
in the paper about the time that Mr. Hutton
was shown, were successful. The day we reached
the growing season under the bottle, the bottle was in the
Our heart was great about the small bottle full of the
again. When Mr. Hutton brought back the bottle, inside is
found an eight-pound cake of white sugar. That was
the first Mr. Hutton said that at least a pound of the
for our labor. My heart was the first reward for work done for
one day's life.

In spite of our low and sad condition, this morning was a
one for us boys. One ball of our work was missed. Father had
plant his garden because it seemed best to "terminate his
among these kindly people. After a moment, he took some to
father that not a moment had passed unnoted and why of the
factors were affected to tears. But I witnessed in the
some external appearance, I should have known the condition
an evening had commenced. Though I could have for the
I lost that day of the feelings existed in the spirit
sincerely, and accompanied by the novelty of the scene. A
of day comes" described the accurately, he said, the permanent
state of many of the "people" under his care. There is no
and disappointed was his own falling heart. As his heart in-
crossed from one to four or five growing seasons, taking him
into southern Pennsylvania, he was surprised finding that
a strain on his strength. Father had been long dis-
with the concept of others about "suffering" the religious per-

ties rather than the salvation of souls." The inquiry seemed rather whether the convert would become a Methodist, Baptist, or a Presbyterian. Ill health added to spiritual discouragement made some change necessary.

So far as breaking up his home was concerned, father had only to follow out his agreements, made wisely some four years earlier with Neighbor Hutton. When father had enlarged his cabin for my arrival, he had leased the land for twenty years, reserving the right during that period to resell the property at any time to the former owner. He had tried to make mother's life in this mountainous region as easy as was possible. Instead of the "hake kettles" and outdoor ovens used by other residents of Randolph county, he had supervised the building of his chimney with an oven in it. Of course, Aretas and I had thoroughly enjoyed helping Mrs. Hutton shovel the snow from her outdoor oven and the gathering of dry sticks to make its fire, but mother, though rarely ill, was of much slighter build than round Mrs. Hutton, and enjoyed the convenience of an indoor oven. Father was constantly contriving ways to make her days happier. No one was ever lonesome, even in the bleak winters, when our little family were all at home together. Always there was a good fire and in the center before it a high candle stand on one side of which father would sit, writing; and on the other, mother, making father a shirt. Sewing by her side was smart little eleven year old Nancy Bradley, mother's helper who always came in to spend the nights when father had to go off doctoring or preaching often for two or three weeks at a time. By father's side was a cradle in which lay our little baby Sarah in a sound sleep. Aretas and I littered up

... than the salvation of souls. The inquiry seems to be
whether the answer would be a Methodist, Baptist, or a Presbyterian.
The answer is that the spiritual development was not
change necessary.
As for the working up his work was concerned, Father had only
to follow his own conscience, and wisely used his own power
with his own people. When Father had visited his people in
Africa, he had passed the land for twenty years, returning the
right during that period to visit the property at any time in the
future again. He had tried to make mother's life in Africa more
pleasant by going as early as was possible. Instead of the "black
belt" and other places, and by other residents of Africa, he
he had experienced the building of his own way with an eye in it.
Of course, Father and I had personally enjoyed helping him. When
I visited the shore from her father even and the building of it
Africa is more like the life, but mother, though rarely ill, was of such
slight build that she could not enjoy the same pleasures
at an inland town. Father was constantly consulting with her
her days together. He was ever loving, even in the dark
times, when our little family were all at home together. Always there
was a good time and in the center before it a little while on
one side of which Father would sit, writing; and on the other, mother,
sewing or her side was some little object
very old Henry Bradley, mother's mother who always came in to spend
the nights when Father had to go off doing his business. When
two or three weeks at a time. My father's side was a little in which
lay our little baby when in a room alone. Father and I listened to

the hearth with our playthings. Between cooking and sewing and mending for the whole family and playing hostess for any and all of father's parishioners who might chance to pass by, mother had little time to play with Aretas and me, especially after our Sarah came, but never was mother too busy or worried to direct our play. The game she liked best was our preaching one. We always saved it for Sunday afternoon because 'twas the only one we could play on the Sabbath Day. Mother saw to it that Aretas and I took turns being "preacher." Of course, sister Sarah and all the playthings made our permanent audience, but even Sarah sometimes offered vigorous vocal protests against our too long drawn out dissertations.

On our last Sunday in Huttonsville, in June 1826, there was no time for any "play" service. Before sundown that Saturday evening mother had curled my hair with specially loving care because so many people were coming to Huttonsville the next day. She had cooked all the Sunday dinner, washed the floor and laid out on her bed the clean Sunday clothes, all their buttons sewed fast, before candle-lighting time. Aretas and I were glad that 'twas a long June Saturday because just the moment mother set the lighted candle on the tall stand before the fireplace, to bed we children had had to go, even seven year old Aretas. There was to be this week what father called a "big meeting" in Huttonsville, the people coming from up in the mountains and down "The Valley" on horseback, in wagons, on foot, many a long up and down hill mile. Father prayed, when we all knelt in family worship that evening, that the coming Sabbath would be pleasant so that he could hold the meeting outdoors instead of in our cabin where everyone would be so crowded. Father's prayer was answered by

the people with our religious. Between working and seeing and visiting
for the whole family and making houses for the whole family
participation and that means to have by, rather than little like to
play with people and me, especially after our house work, but never
was another too busy to be with me. The day was
liked best was our preaching one. It always ended in the Sunday
afternoon because I was the only one we would play on the Sabbath
day. Mother saw it that Sunday and I took them to the "Sabbath"
Of course, after that and all the things that we had
experience, and even when conditions offered, we had a great
enjoyed our long drive out in the morning.
In our last Sunday in Hattiesville, in June 1936, there was no
time for any "joy" service. Before Sunday that Saturday evening
mother and father and I were very busy with the house work and
people were coming to Hattiesville the next day. She had looked all
the Sunday dinner, washed the floor and laid out on her bed the clean
Sunday clothes, all their clothes were laid out, before the light-
ing. After that and I was glad that was a long time Saturday be-
cause that the house was not the lighted candles on the table and
before the service, to see we children had had to go, even when
year old. There was to be this week what father called a
"big meeting" in Hattiesville, the people coming from all the sur-
rounding towns "The Valley" of Hattiesville, in fact, on foot, many
long up and down hills. Father stayed, when we all went in
family worship that evening, and the meeting service would be given
and so that we could have the meeting outdoors instead of in our church
where everyone would be so crowded. Mother's sister was answered by

a warm, sunny morning. Almost before Aretas and I had helped mother wash the breakfast dishes, we could see people coming up the winding path from the brook. Mother and father went out to welcome them till, before ten o'clock, nearly seventy-five men, women, and children were sitting out under the maple tree in front of the cabin. About five minutes before the service began father carried out baby Sarah in her wooden cradle and set it down under the tall pine nearest the house, just by the corner of the horse pasture. He directed me to rock the cradle while I watched the service. How proud I was when father stood, tall and grave, before all that crowd of seated people. Reverently the people bowed their heads as we all repeated together, "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallow'd be thy name." Afterward, everybody stood up and sang with all the joy of the June sunshine -

Joy to the world the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

How I did enjoy the singing! Though I didn't then know what all the words meant any more than the robin I watched on his nest on the pine branch, or the song sparrow somewhere in the laurel thicket, yet father had explained to me that the "Saviour" loved me and I could even then hear the robin and song sparrow and see the pasture field and by listening, catch the sound of the noisy brook tumbling over the rocks. I noticed, too, that all the people sang as if they were happy, all happy together singing with the robin and sparrow about our Saviour who loved us. When everybody

a warm, sunny morning. Almost before I knew it I had helped mother
wash the breakfast dishes, we could see people coming to the window
with their umbrellas. Mother and father went out to welcome them.
All before ten o'clock, nearly seventy-five men, women, and chil-
dren were sitting out under the awning in front of the house.
About five minutes before the service began father stepped out and
began to read verses from the Bible and set it down under the fall five min-
utes before the service. Just by the corner of the house he dis-
covered as he took the candles while I watched the service. How proud I was
when father stood, tall and grave, before all that crowd of guests
people. Reverently the people bowed their heads as he read the
prayer, "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name."
Afterward, everybody stood up and sang with all the joy of the time

ending -

Joy to the world the Savior reigns;
Let men and angels praise him,
While fields and flocks, trees and vines,
Repeat the jubilee joy.

For I did enjoy the singing. Though I didn't know how
all the notes meant any more then the robin I watched on his nest
on the side branch, or the dove perched somewhere in the leafy
thicket, yet father had explained to me that the "Savior" loved
me and I could even hear the robin and song sparrow and see
the quail field and by listening, catch the sound of the noisy
crowd humming over the rocks. I realized, too, that all the peo-
ple sang as if they were happy, all happy together singing with the
robin and sparrow about our Savior who loved us. When everybody

sat down I did too, and tried to listen while father talked and talked and talked for three hours - talked till Sarah fell asleep in her cradle, and I did, too, leaning against it. A small ant scrambling up my little finger tickled me awake, Some of the people seemed to be crying softly. Baby Sarah began to cry and no matter how fast I rocked the cradle she wouldn't stop. Finally mother heard her and came to take her. When I whispered to mother to find out why the people were crying, she told me that it was partly because father was going away so soon and partly because they were unhappy over the wrong things they had done. Shortly father stopped talking and again everyone stood up to sing:

How gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

I didn't pay so much attention to this song because there was too much to watch. Mr. Hutton and Mr. Bradley put a long narrow table between father and the people, covered it with a white cloth and set chairs around it. At one end they placed plates of thin bread, and two cups filled with wine. When all the confusion had quieted, father asked those who loved Jesus to come forward and sit at the table. Because there wasn't room for everyone to sit down, some had to wait their turn. Father blessed the plate of thin bread and explained simply that as each ate the bread and drank the wine, he was to remember that Jesus had loved him enough to give his life a ransom for many. He asked each one to show his love for Jesus by filling his heart with love for everybody. Father broke off a strip

and down I did too, and tried to listen while Father talked and talked
and talked for three hours - talked till I was half asleep in my
chair, and I did, too, leaning against it. I could not understand
as my little finger liked to move. Some of the people seemed to
be crying softly. My dear heart began to cry and no matter how fast I
rocked the cradle and washed the soap. Finally my heart beat and
came to take her. When I whispered to Mother to find out why the
people were crying, she told me that it was partly because Father
was going away so soon and partly because they were happy over
the wrong things they had done. Shortly Father stopped talking and
again everyone stood up to sing:

Now gentle God, a moment
Now kind His grace be
Come, great your Father's love
And grant His people's
And grant His people's

I didn't pay so much attention to this song because there was
too much to watch. Mr. Watson and Mr. Bradley had a long narrow
table between Father and the people, covered it with a white cloth
and set another around it. At one end they placed plates of bread
bread, and the cups filled with wine. When all the children had
eaten, Father asked those who loved Jesus to come forward and sit
at the table. Because there wasn't room for everyone to sit down,
some had to wait their turn. Father blessed the plate of bread
and explained simply that as each ate the bread and drank the wine,
he was to remember that Jesus had loved him enough to give his life
a ransom for many. He asked each one to show his love for Jesus by
filling his heart with love for everybody. Father spoke off a strip

of the flat cake, heavily marked in strips before it had been baked. He passed one piece to the man on his left, and one to the man on his right hand. Each broke off a little piece and then passed the rest to his neighbor till the piece was all eaten. Then Elder Hutton and Elder Bradley moved the plate of flat cakes along down the table till each seated person had taken what he needed. Afterward, they passed the tall cups in the same way. So many people had come this Sunday that there were four tables full and I thought that they would never be through. At last mother asked me to rock baby's cradle, gently, while she too "took the sacrament." After the fourth table had finished, everybody stood up again and sang -

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

I rocked the cradle back and forth to the time of the song. It was my favorite because father sang it so often at his work.

The sun, as high up in the sky as it can go, reminded us all of dinner. That dinner was the best fun of all, right there under the pine tree shade, and such a dinner! I never before had eaten so much or such a variety. Every family had brought its own food, and first one and then another gave me something, a chicken wish-bone all hidden by white meat, biscuits and white bread with jelly on it, and a wide piece of apple pie. I might have eaten a piece of custard pie too, and some bacon and cabbage which a Dutch woman offered me, but mother came just in time with a bowl of warm milk instead.

of the first night, however, I was not
He passed one place to the next on his left, and then to the next on his
right hand. Each took off a little piece and then passed the rest
to his neighbor till the place was all eaten. Then Sister Watson and
Miss Bradley moved the place of first eating along down the table till
each needed person had taken what he needed. Afterwards, they needed
the full time in the same way. So many people had come into Sunday
that there were four tables full and I thought that they would never
be through. At last mother asked us to look back's credit, really,
while she ran back the movement. After the fourth table had fin-
ished, everybody moved on again and away -

In the room of Sister I thought
Toward the end of the table of time;
All the light of evening
Mother and the best children.

I turned the table back and forth to the side of the room.
It was my favorite because father said it was often at his work.
The sun, as high as in the sky as it can go, remained on all
of dinner. That dinner was the best I ever ate, right after
the pine table, and such a dinner. I never before had eaten
as much of such a variety. Every family had brought its own food,
and first one and then another gave me something, a chicken with
some all hidden of white meat, biscuits and milk bread with jelly
on it, and a nice piece of apple pie. I didn't have eaten a piece
of oatmeal pie too, and some brown and cabbage which a Dutch woman
offered me, but neither came just in time with a bowl of warm milk
instead.

Of course, it was Sunday till the sun set over our cabin, but as they sat under the trees everyone chattered and talked of what had been happening at their homes in "Tygerts", or "Bath County, Head of Greenbriar", or "Clover Lick", and of the long journey that father was to take with mother and Aretas and baby Sarah, six hundred miles to Massachusetts.

I was glad enough to slip away from the confusion, into the house and play with our baby till mother came to put her to sleep in her cradle for the night. Even before candle-lighting time I was ready for bed. Tired as she was, mother took me in her lap to tell me the Sunday story I loved best, about the baby Christ Jesus in the manger and the bright star that showed the Wise Men how to find Him with their gifts. Mother's voice grew sweeter and softer as she wondered if her boys would grow up to be preachers like their father. When father and Aretas came in, Aretas leaned against her knee and father put his hand on the back of her chair while in the dusk we watched the glowing coals. How happy we had been in our cabin home! Mother said that it was because we had the love of God in our hearts.

Happy as mother had been before her cabin fireplace, no one can wonder at her joy in returning to her girlhood home in Greenfield, Massachusetts. The very next morning after the Big Meeting, before the earliest June sunrise, all was hurry and scurry in our cabin. Six hundred miles, in a prairie schooner drawn by slow paced oxen, demands imagination in packing and common-sense for the meeting of all known and unknown situations possible in such

Of course, it was Sunday all the way and our party, but
as they sat under the trees everyone chuckled and talked of what
had been happening at their house in "Jaffa", or "Jaffa Canyon",
Head of Bismarck, or "Clayton Hill", and of the long journey that
father was to take with mother and Arden and baby Sarah, six hun-
dred miles to Massachusetts.
I was glad enough to slip away from the confusion, into the
house and play with our baby all mother came to but for a few
in her cradle for the night. Even before candle-lighting time I
was ready for bed. Tired as she was, mother took me to her lap to
tell me the Sunday story I loved best, about the baby Christ Jesus
in the manger and the night star that showed the Wise Men how to
find him with their gifts. Mother's voice grew sweeter and softer
as she went on. Her boys would grow up to be preachers like their
father. When father and Arden came in, Arden looked around her
husband and father put his hand on the roof of her chair while in the
dark we watched the glowing world. How happy we had been in our
cabin hotel. Mother said that it was because we had the love of God
in our hearts.
Happy as mother had been before her cabin fireplace, on one
can wonder at her joy in returning to her childhood home in Green-
field, Massachusetts. The very next morning after the big wedding,
before the earliest June sunrises, all was hurry and worry in our
cabin. Six hundred miles, in a private automobile driven by slow
paced crew, demands investigation in packing and common-sense for
the making of all known and unknown situations possible in such

a venture. Father had reckoned that if blue sky favored us all the way, thirty miles a day was the peak of our speed. Naturally, in packing, many of our precious treasures must be left behind, but Aretas carried his birch bark canoe most of the way in his hand and my jack-knife stayed safe in my trousers' pocket. Early in the packing performance mother swung a hammock just back of the driver's seat and set me there to hold baby Sarah out of harm's way.

Sitting up there, high above the rest, I thought that father and Mr. Hutton would never, never finish putting in the straight chairs and mother's rocking one; the high candle stand and the big iron kettle; the andirons and spinning wheel; boxes and bundles, bundles and boxes; the four hens with their tall rooster, and our three little pigs. Father set baby's cradle snugly behind the front seat, wedged in back of it all the collections of furniture and chests, and at the far end set in the two houses for the chickens and pigs. Mr. Hutton tied Ruminator, the cow, to the back of the prairie schooner. At last, mother climbed over the wheel to the front seat and Aretas scrambled up beside her. For a while mother was so weary, I kept the baby with me in the hammock where we could watch father on "Steady" guiding the oxen carefully down the steep road to the brook and on and on and on. After we crossed the bridge there were so many strange sights that I soon forgot all about the queer feeling over losing sight of our cabin. I really didn't understand what was happening, but I did love to see the pink snow piled high on the banks under the dark hemlocks and tall beeches. That was what the mountain laurel seemed to me, with its miles and miles of pink-whiteness, sometimes fifteen feet high. I

a sentence. Father had noticed that it was the first time in all the
way thirty miles. I was the best of my speed. Naturally, the
backing, many of our precious treasures must be left behind, but
later carried his own pack came most of the way in his hand and
my pack-horse stayed with my treasure's mother. Early in the morn-
ing performance mother swung a hammock just back of the driver's seat
and set us there to hold baby safely out of harm's way.
Sitting up there, high above the rest, I thought that Father
and Mr. Weston would never, never finish walking in the twilight
thick and mother's rocking one; the high saddle steers and the way
into the hills; the confusion and confusion; noise and confusion.
Hammocks and boxes; the four men with their tall, feather, and our
sharp little eyes. Father and mother's heads and they riding the
front seat, wedged in back of it all the collection of furniture
and chests, and at the far end of the two horses for the night
one and eight. Mr. Weston tied himself to the back of
the front seat. At last, mother climbed over the wheel to
the front seat and Arnie scrambled up beside her. For a while
mother was so weary, I kept the baby with me in the hammock where
we could watch Father on "steady" riding the oxen carefully down
the steep road to the brook and on and on. First we crossed
the bridge there was so many strange things that I never forgot. At
about the quarter past over looking right at our cabin. I really
didn't understand what was happening, but I did love to see the
light and dark light on the rocks under the dark shadows and light
beamed. That was what the mountain forest seemed to be, with its
silence and miles of pink-white flowers, sometimes fifteen feet high.

was glad when mother explained about this summer snow, for I loved flowers better than snow.

Near one of these pink laurel thickets father stopped the oxen, unyoked them, and tied them by a rope to a nearby pine tree. It was early, only seven o'clock, but my! how hungry everyone was.

Aretas and I helped father lay the fire in an open space by a pool in the dashing brook. I brought the dry pine needles and eagerly watched the spark spring from father's flint stone, changing these brown needles into a red blaze. So many people had brought us cooked food for a parting gift, roast chicken and pork, apple and custard pies, brown sugar cookies and white, apples and maple sugar cakes, that we needed little fire, this first meal, except to heat baby's milk and boil water for father's and mother's tea. As soon as the steam began to rattle the kettle cover, father gave Aretas a big pail and me my little one to bring water from the brook. Not all the water stayed in my pail, but there was enough so that father could show us how to turn the fire into gray ashes so that not the smallest spark could stay alive to hurt the woods around. I understood, even then, that flowers and trees were friends to be protected from harm. After baby Sarah had had her warm milk, she slept a long while in her cradle, while the oxen rested, too. Most of the time Aretas and I were kept busy caring for the chickens and little pigs. Even before we built the fire, Aretas had helped father lift out the hens' coop and the pigs' house and set them on a level stretch of green grass. We pulled out the sliding floor of each house, washed them near the brook and set them to dry in the sun. How that tall rooster did scratch around to surprise a fat

was glad when mother explained about this summer camp, for I loved
flowers better than home.
Then one of these pink ladies' fingers touched the grass,
suggested them, and tied them by a rope to a nearby pine tree. It was
early, only seven o'clock, but not too happy everyone was.
Father and I helped Father lay the line in an open space by a
pool in the bathing block. I brought the big pine needles and
very watched the spots spring from Father's hand, changing
these brown needles into a red blaze. So many people had changed
as cooked food for a passing gift, roast chicken and pork, apples
and cooked rice, brown sugar cookies and white, apples and maple
syrup cakes, that we needed little time, it is time now, except to
heat milk, fill and roll water for Father's and mother's tea. As
soon as the steam began to rise the white cover, Father gave
Father a big roll and we my little one to bring water from the house.
Not all the water stayed in my roll, but there was enough so that
Father could show us how to turn the line into grey water so that
not the smallest speck could stay alive to hurt the wood stream. I
understood, even then, that flowers and trees were friendly to
protected from harm. After baby Sarah had had her milk, she
sleep a long while in her cradle, while the oxen rested, too. Last
of the line Father and I were kept busy caring for the children and
little pigs. When before we built the line, Father had helped to
them left out the house, soap and the night, house and set them on a
level stretch of green grass. He pulled out the white line of
your house, washed them near the brook and set them in it in the
sun. Now that all mother did except to bring to summer a lot

worm for his hens. As for the three little pigs, Aretas's black, Sarah's white, and my Spotty, each tried to push its way out to the trough of milk Aretas had set in front of their house. If they had succeeded, we never should have seen them again, for not even at home could we catch them easily when they rooted out of their pen. At night, these woods were none too safe for men, to say nothing of little pigs. That was the reason father had planned his journey so that when the dark came down through the forests to the road, we would be near some friendly log cabin. Till he reached the head of Tygert's Valley, in the curve of the river, seventy-five miles north from Huttonsville, father knew all the people, fathers and mothers and children, whom he had been caring for these nine years he had been traveling around Randolph county. What a glad welcome they gave us, especially the women and children who had known no other doctor or preacher in their scattered homes.

The first night I was so tired that even before the oxen stopped, I was fast asleep in my hammock. I half wakened to eat the bread and milk mother brought me, and almost before the last mouthful my eyes were again shut tight. That night father rolled himself up in a blanket and slept under the wagon, partly because he didn't want to wake me, but really because there wasn't any too much room in the cabin and the night, outside, was wide and beautiful.

For the next day Aretas and I had an adventure all our own. At noon we camped near a pasture brook. On the opposite bank, a steep wooded hill made a fine place for us to stretch our legs. While Aretas was poking round by the brook, what did he find but a turtle, nearly a foot wide. Of course, Mr. Turtle drew in his four sets

born for his name. As for the three little girls, Arlene's sister,
Bertha's sister, and my sister, each tried to push the way out to the
ground of little Arlene and was in front of little Arlene. If they had
understood, we would have been able to see them again, for they were not
longer there. We could then easily have found out of their pen.
At night, these words were none too late for me, in my waiting at
little Arlene. That was the reason father had planned his journey so
that when the first came down through the forests to the road, we
would be near some friendly log cabin. Till he reached the head of
Tyrone's Valley, in the curve of the river, seventy-five miles north
from Minneapolis, father knew all the people, farmers and merchants
and visitors, who he had been coming for when the words he had
been traveling across Redwood County. What a fine welcome they gave
us, especially the women and children who had known us other than
or perhaps in their scattered homes.
The first night I was so tired that even before the open air,
I was fast asleep in my hammock. I half expected to see the great
and still mother bringing me, and almost before the last words of my
eyes were again shut tight. That night father rolled himself up
in a blanket and slept under the wagon, partly because he didn't
want to wake me, but really because there wasn't any bed room
in the cabin and the night, outside, was also too beautiful.
For the next day Arlene and I had an adventure all our own. At
noon we crept near a western brook. On the opposite bank, a stream
would still make a fine place for us to watch our legs. While
Arlene was looking round by the brook, what did he find but a turtle,
nearly a foot wide. Of course, Mr. Turtle drew in his four legs

of toes, his head, and his pointed tail. As his head had been stretching up the hill, Aretas, to help him, picked him up, and with much puffing, carried him half way up. 'Twas a hot day. The hill was rough with brambles and fallen branches. Mr. Turtle was heavy and besides, Aretas was not too sure when Mr. T. might thrust out his snapping mouth and inquire where he was going. I had scrambled along after and caught up just in time to see Aretas lay the turtle carefully down on its back. Just as I leaned over to examine the way he was put together, out popped those four sets of toes and that nose! I tumbled backward, uphill, fortunately, and by the time I had struggled to my feet again, that old turtle had somehow wobbled himself up on the edge of his shell and was rolling round and round down hill toward the brook as fast as he could roll. There, he tipped over on his four sets of toes, crawled into the brook, and swam away. I had wanted to take him along with us, but mother said that a turtle and my little Black and White might not agree. The prairie schooner was about full anyway. We all felt so when we came to Booth's ferry over the Tygert's Valley River.

A man on the farther side of the river heard father calling and pulled his wide flat boat across. Toll talk took a long time. Finally, father bargained to pay fifty cents for the wagon and oxen, twenty cents for the cow, sixty-three cents for the load, three cents each for the little pigs, and twenty-five cents for our big gray horse. I didn't care so much for the money discussion as I did for the swift flowing wide waters on either side of the ferry boat. Mother held my hand fast so that I wouldn't be afraid.

Days in a prairie schooner become monotonous for wiggling boys

of noon, the boat, and the painted sail. As his boat had been
attached up the hill, Arthur, to help him, pushed him up, and with
much effort, carried him half way up. 'Twas a hot day. The hill
was rough with boulders and fallen branches. Mr. Turtle was heavy
and besides, Arthur was not too sure when Mr. Turtle might find out
his carrying method and therefore there he was going. I had remembered
after Arthur had caught up that in time to see Arthur for the turtle
totally down on its back. Just as I leaned over to examine the
way he was out together, out popped those four sets of legs and that
noon! I crawled backward, quickly, fortunately, and by the time I
had struggled to my feet again, that old turtle had somehow worked
himself up on the edge of his shell and was rolling round and round
down hill toward the trunk as fast as he could roll. There, he
tipped over on his four sets of legs, crawled into the creek, and
swam away. I had wanted to take him along with us, but Arthur
said that a turtle and my little black and white were not safe.
The turtle's accident was about half way. We all felt so when
we came to Arthur's ferry over the Tygart's Valley River.
A man on the farther side of the river heard Father calling
and called his wife that some horse. Tell told took a long time.
Finally, Father explained to my fifty cents for the wagon and oxen.
Twenty cents for the cow, thirty-three cents for the load, three
cents each for the little pigs, and twenty-five cents for our little
gray horse. I didn't care so much for the money as when I
saw the white flowing white waters on either side of the ferry.
Mother held my hand fast so that I wouldn't be afraid.
Days in a little school became something for which I

of four and seven. Oxen do put their feet down in an irritatingly slow rhythm, mile after mile after mile; if the hill was particularly stony and steep, father was only too glad to let us trudge along beside the wagon till we were thankful enough to clamber in once more. The tramp I remember with most startling clearness was the fifth day after we left Huttonsville. The sun was warm, rather too warm for comfort under that crowded covered wagon top, and mother was happy indeed to have us tumble out to stretch our legs. That still June day all the wood people seemed to be moving also. We couldn't wander one step out of the road-bed because of the rattlers that lived around so companionably. There was one advantage those slow oxen had over automobiles - their steps made almost no noise on the soft brown road, and the creaking of the wagon wheels might almost be a new bird call. Perhaps that was the reason the wild things kept appearing, with heads cocked curiously at us, sometimes even daring to cross the road ahead of us. Mother had cautioned Aretas to take my hand lest I stumble and said that if we didn't shout, perhaps something new might happen. It did. When father stopped the oxen on a thank-you-ma'am to rest, we kept on walking round the curve. Still as a stone stood a baby deer, head raised, brown eyes unwinking for one jiff before it leaped away through the laurel brake up the steep road-side bank. Hardly had we ceased to marvel over the deer before a brown buck-rabbit hippity-hopped across, his white button tail disappearing under the high fence almost before we could say, "Jack Robinson." One more friendly person interrupted our climb - the old family friend, Mr. Turtle. 'Twas not like Aretas's find by the brook on our second

of four and seven. Even so our little feet were in an awkward
position, and after a while it felt as if the hill was
literally at our feet. Father was only too glad to let us
along beside the wagon till we were to the top of the hill
and then. The time I remember with most startling clearness was
the first day after we left. The sun was warm, the
so warm for winter! Under that crowded covered wagon too, and with-
out was happy indeed to have us tumble out to stretch our legs. That
first June day all the wood people seemed to be moving along. We
couldn't wander one step out of the road-bed because of the
time that lived around us. There was one man
whose horse also had over a hundred - their steps made almost
no noise on the soft brown road, and the breaking of the wagon
wheels might almost be a new bird call. Perhaps that was the
son the wild things kept company, with heads cocked curiously at
us, sometimes even daring to cross the road ahead of us. Father
had cautioned us to take by hand lest I should and said that
if we didn't shoot, perhaps something new might happen. It did.
When father stopped the oxen on a steep, you-know-as-to-lead, we
were walking round the river. Still as a stone stood a deer, and
head raised, broad eyes staring for one full before it leaped
away through the forest trees up the steep foot-side bank. Father
had no need to marvel over the deer before a brown buck-rabbit
nearly-jumped across, his white tail all disappearing under
the high fence almost before we could say "Jack Rabbit". One
more friendly person interrupted our glass - the old fellow, friend
Bill. There was like father's line by the brook on our second

day from home but just an ordinary turtle, not larger than Aretas's hand. He moved so slowly, hind leg forever trying to catch up with front one that I was afraid the oxen would step on him. Aretas finally tried to poke him the last two feet, but his help only made matters worse for turtle instantly drew tail and head and feet inside and refused to budge. At last Aretas deposited him near a road-side pool.

Father, riding on Steady a little ahead of the oxen, suggested that we had better climb in again at the top of the hill, but the level stretch looked so pleasant that we scampered ahead. Aretas even let me run by myself. I stooped to pick up a straight stick bulging at one end, pointed at the other, lying across the road. Suddenly, father was beside me and I started back with a cry of terror as his long stout hickory stick swung sharply through the air. The dead rattler lay at our feet. As I leaned over to examine the gaping mouth, father snatched me up in his arms and explained carefully how the poison was still present in those quivering fangs. Four feet of danger father had removed so quickly that not till long years after did we fully realize our narrow escape.

Perhaps it was this experience not far from Morgantown, somewhere near the State line between West Virginia and Pennsylvania + that made mother welcome so eagerly the post-rider whom we met that evening just as dusk began to throw deep shadows across the valleys. The precious letters he brought from Greenfield full of joyful anticipation of our mother's return made the dangers and weary miles worth any discomfort they might bring. To Aretas and me, all this

+ Border Settlers of Northwestern Virginia, Lucullus Virgil McWhorter
Published, Ruebush-Elkins Co., Dayton, Va., 1915

excitement over two thin folded pieces of paper seemed foolishly grown up. The only home we had known had been in that cabin before the fireplace in Huttonsville among the generous people of Western Virginia.

It was more than the separation of the past that had been the cause of this excitement, I think it was the fact that these experiences forced the very heart of the soul to beat with a new vigor and joy. Failure and disappointment, doubt and despair. So bitter are a child's doubts and fears, it is only in later years that it is possible to look back on them with a smile. The child's life was full of the same old things and the same old failures. It was by that time that he could recall the past as a man's opportunity to evaluate his work and to see clearly the meaning of his life. He had not yet learned to stand, though imperfectly, the universal judgments of life as dictated by his own experience.

These last weeks as I have been living again in the Huttonsville cabin, surrounded by the family letters, recalling people and incidents, expressing our regrets again for our flight from Huttonsville, I have realized as never before the gratitude I owe to my mother and father. Love of all growing things, which was never so variable and fickle, the value of time and consequently the necessity for better service to others; such are the lessons which I have learned from the past, from that almost idyllic life in the cabin in Huttonsville.

excitement over the fact that the first of the new
kind was. The only one we had seen in that
before the first in the series among the
of Western Virginia.

I N T E R L U D E

Perhaps it is necessary to live nearly a hundred years before it is possible to realize the brevity of such an accumulation of days. Clearer than the experiences of six months past have these memories of ninety-six years ago returned. As I ponder over the reason for this exactness, I wonder if such reality is not due to the fact that these experiences formed the very roots of my being from which grew later sorrow and joy, failure and accomplishment, desires and ideals. So hidden are a child's deepest thoughts, it is only in later years that it is possible for a man to discover for himself how nearly he has followed the path set for him by situations largely beyond his control. It may be that this power to recall the past is a man's opportunity to evaluate the ways and means whereby he has arrived at his destination, that he may understand, though imperfectly, the universal undercurrents of life illustrated by his own experiences.

These last weeks as I have been living again in our Huttonsville cabin, rereading the family letters, recalling certain oral traditions, retracing our covered wagon's route from West Virginia to Massachusetts, I have realized as never before the gratitude I owe to my mother and father. Love of all growing things; plucky response to hardship and danger; the value of time and consequently, the necessity for work; service to others; such was the training gained, to follow me all the days of my life, from that pioneer missionary's cabin in remote Tygerts Valley.

EXTRACT

perhaps it is necessary to live nearly a hundred years before
it is possible to realize the quality of such an accumulation of
days. I never knew the experience of six months past four years
experience of ninety-six years ago returned. As I ponder over the
reason for this experience, I wonder if such a thing is not due to
the fact that these experiences formed the very basis of my being
from which grew later sorrow and joy, failure and success, defeat
and defeat. So hidden are a child's deepest thoughts,
it is only in later years that it is possible for a man to discover
for himself how nearly he has followed the path set for him by his
nature largely beyond his control. It may be that this power to
recall the past is a man's opportunity to evaluate the years and
know thereby he has arrived at his destination, that he may, perhaps,
stand, though imperfectly, the universal measurements of life in-
fluenced by his own experiences.
These last years as I have been living again in the Western
life again, regarding the family history, recalling certain and
historic, reminding me of the road from West Virginia
to Massachusetts. I have realized in never before the significance
and its mother and father. Love of all things things, always
response to beauty and danger; the value of time and consciousness
the necessity for work; service to others; such was the training
gained, so follow me all the days of my life, from that moment
Alastair's name in remote Pacific Valley.

SECTION II

BENNINGTON, VERMONT

1836-1843

The last week in March 1836 the snow still covered the open fields and old drifts lay along the hilly roads on the thirty mile journey from Colerain, Massachusetts, across the border into Bennington, Vermont. A drizzling rain added its chill to the general desolation of moving. Once again mother and father had packed all our belongings, this time into two loads, one left for a man to drive over the following day. We missed the warm June sunshine, the kindly goodbye of the West Virginia parishioners, the keenness of our first venture into the unknown that had come to us on that prairie schooner journey nine years before. Moreover, Aretas was now sixteen and I thirteen; the years had brought to us boys increased responsibilities. For some reason, we must drive the cow (not the Huttonsville one!) When father had decided that we were to take turns, somewhat to my surprise Aretas had offered to tramp the first three miles. There is much to be said about the advantage of being thirteen, especially when a boy had two younger sisters like mine, Sarah ten and Martha four, but an older brother's generous offers bear watching as I found to my confusion later.

On this journey the incident which most pleased my father happened near the close of our first day. As we stopped the horses for rest at the top of an especially steep hill, a man came running out from a white farm house on the left. He quickly explained

that he was the brother of Rev. Ara Brooks, who had been father's first and dearest friend and associate minister in Virginia. The brother was living here with his mother, and insisted that we all spend the night with them. Father was only too glad to have this unexpected opportunity of recalling his first preaching experiences and of telling Mrs. Brooks about the splendid work her son had done in his pioneer "mission" days in West Virginia.

At sunset, the next day, after carefully finding our way down the last steep winding hill, by an ice-covered brook, we arrived at Bennington. This rocky hill ended in the valley town, with its main street. Here it was that I realized the true generosity of my brother's offer of the day before. I had the last "turn" at driving that cow. I have never forgotten the humiliation I felt as I dragged my feet behind that slow wobbling beast, with the rattling wagon ahead attracting the attention not only of all we met but also of the window faces. The scattered hamlet of Colrain, father's pastorate for the last seven years, was indeed, different from this comparatively large village of Bennington with its long street.

The next day was cold and blustering. We went briskly to work arranging our furniture. About noon, the load arrived which we had left in the door-yard when we set out. Father was delighted because neither of the loads had been upset nor any article broken. Some things had been rubbed and a small piece split from his study table, but not to injure it much. Not an article of glass or crockery was broken.

It really was exciting, at thirteen, this roaming all over

that he was the brother of Rev. Am. Brooks, who had been Father's
first and dearest friend and associate minister in Virginia. The
brother was living here with his mother, and insisted that we all
spend the night with them. Father was only too glad to have this
unexpected opportunity of revisiting his first prominent experience
and of telling Mary Brooks about the spiritual work that had been done
in his father's "mission" days in West Virginia.

At dawn, the next day, after carefully timing our way over
the last steep winding hill, by an old-fashioned road, we arrived
at our destination. This rocky hill ended in the valley town, with
its main street. Here it was that I realized the time had come
of my brother's offer of the day before. I had the last word
at leaving that day. I have never forgotten the realization
that as I stepped to that door that afternoon, with
the feeling which would attract the attention not only of all
we met but also of the whole town. The scattered hamlet of
Tahara, Father's headquarters for the last seven years, was indeed
different from this comparatively large village of Washington
with its long street.

The next day was cold and cheerless. We went hastily to
work arranging our furniture. About noon, the food arrived which
we had left in the back-yard when we set out. Father was delight-
ed because neither of the foods had been used nor any article
broken. Some things had been rubbed and a small piece split from
the sturdy table, but not so injured as when. Mother's article of
glass or crockery was broken.

It really was exciting, at thirteen, this coming all over

our new house. We couldn't go into the two front rooms upstairs, because the Baptist minister was to stay there for the next three weeks, but long before he left we had investigated our twelve or fifteen acres of land, with its mowing and pasture and dozen apple trees.

Father had little time to bother about our whereabouts, for he was busy with the founding of this new church. About sixty members of the First Congregational Church upon the Hill in "Old Bennington" had asked for letters of dismissal from the mother church to found this Second Congregational Church in the lower village, nearer the homes of the people. They had called father from Colerain to become their first pastor on April 5, 1836. In adopting their Covenant, the week after father came, they had voted to use the same one that they had had in the First Congregational Church, with, however, one most important additional article, "Not to use or traffic in ardent spirits as a drink." I was too young at that time to realize the full insignificance of this pledge, but remember how much this article pleased father. He also appreciated the election of one of the deacons, a Mr. Bingham, because he was a brother of Rev. Hiram Bingham of the Sandwich Island Mission.

In spite of the making of calls, organizing of a Sunday School besides all the general business of coming into a new parish, father found time to arrange for our school. In fact, one reason why he wanted to come to Bennington was that we children might have better training in our studies. Before we had been in town a week, we children were all attending the Academy.⁺ The high school begun

⁺ Union Academy in East Bennington 1816, Bennington Academy 1821

our new house. We couldn't go into the two-story house upstairs, because the Baptist minister was to stay there for the next three weeks, but long before he left we had investigated our twelve or fifteen acres of land, with its meadow and pasture and sugar maple trees.

Father had little time to bother about our whereabouts, for he was busy with the founding of this new church. About thirty members of the First Congregational Church soon the Mill in "this settlement" had joined. For letters of dismission from the other church to found this second Congregational Church in the lower village, nearer the heart of the people. They had called Father from Detroit to become their first pastor on April 1, 1888. In organizing their movement, the year after Father came, they had voted to use the name and that they had had in the First Congregational Church, with, however, one most important addition: article, "We do not use as motto in every article as a guide." I was too young at that time to realize the full significance of this pledge, but remember how much this article pleased Father. He also appreciated the election of one of the deacons, a Mr. Simpson, because he was a brother of Mrs. Susan Bishop of the Toronto Island Mission.

In spite of the making of calls, organizing of a Sunday School sessions all the general business of coming into a new parish, their young side to arrange for our school. In fact, one reason why he wanted to come to Waukegan was that we children might have better training in our studies. Before we had been in town a week, we children were all attending the Academy. The high school was

only three years before in 1833, father judged less well equipped than the Academy, established for twenty years. Here, Aretas was studying Algebra, Chemistry and Grammar. I had Algebra, Philosophy, and Grammar. Sarah was upon Arithmetic, United States History, and Geography, and Martha told mother when she came home the end of the first week, "I read my letters and I spell my letters."

While we were away at school during the day, mother was glad to have some one help her sew. It was easy to find a woman because the factory was closed for "want of cotton and could not get more till the ice cleared out of Hudson's River."

As the days went on, father was gratified by our progress in school, but Aretas and I naturally had most fun with the six maples not far from the house. Father helped us tap them, but the rest of the sugaring we did ourselves. In two days, we had gathered about a barrel of sap. Most of the work was done over the big black kettle outdoors, but mother let us use the kitchen stove for boiling down the syrup to "sugar off." A heavy flaked storm came just in time to furnish clean snow. All this enterprise was even better fun than working for Mr. Hutton in Virginia, for father let us do what we wished with the product of our labor. Such play-work with the studies and church duties left little time wasted.

Though we found the Bennington winters far more bleak than those of Huttonsville, in the people and the town itself there was much to stir our admiration. From the very beginning, as the Hampshire Grants, Vermont had had to struggle for individual freedom. Great numbers of the early settlers had been "New Lights" or "Separates" who had fled from persecution in Massachusetts that

only three years before in 1883, Father judged that well equipped
then the Academy, established for twenty years. There, Father was
studying Algebra, Chemistry and German. I had Algebra, English
and German. There was upon Father's table, United States History
and Geography, and Father told mother when she came home the end of
the first week, "I read my letters and I spent my leisure."
While we were away at school during the day, mother was glad
to have some one help her sew. It was easy to find a woman to sew
the factory was closed for want of cotton and could not get more
till the ice cleared out of Hudson's River."
As the days went on, Father was puzzled by our progress in
school, but mother and I naturally had not the time to
play not far from the house. Father helped us in this, but the
rest of the evening we did ourselves. In two days, he had gath-
ered about a barrel of apples. Most of the work was done over the
fire which heated the ovens, but mother let us use the kitchen stove
for boiling down the apples to "apple butter." A heavy blanket stove
came just in time to furnish clean work. All this experience was
even better for them working for Mr. Brown in Virginia, for Father
let us do what we wished with the product of our labor. Such care
went with the apples and much butter left little time wasted.
There, we found the American writers far more than
those of Massachusetts, in the people and the town itself there was
much to stir our imagination. From the very beginning, we
remembered Grant, Vermont had had to struggle for individual free-
dom. Great numbers of the early settlers had come "for liberty"
or "freedom" who had fled from persecution in Massachusetts and

they might enjoy religious freedom. Above all, they believed that the state had no right to meddle with "religious doctrine and worship." They maintained that no civil power should enforce religious conformity and objected to being taxed by the church body from whom they had separated. Daniel Roberts, at a Bennington Centennial gave an excellent summary of their characteristics: "We are in a good degree a temperate, sober, self-restrained people, standing by good order and obedient to law, conservative and yet progressing, having steadfastness that may be counted on, and a will of our own; not having parted with practical wisdom and common sense, nor yet far departed from the religion of paying our debts."

Naturally the parts of the town history that most appealed to Aretas and me were the early celebrations arranged to honor the famous Bennington battle of August 16, 1777, Stark's defeat of the British forces Burgoyne sent from Ticonderoga. Several years before we came to Bennington, there had been a genuine sham battle, staged on the very hills of the actual fight, six miles from Bennington Center. This sham battle had made such an impression on the town boys that they organized their own forces into six groups. Here was a fine chance for leadership, with the British and their Indian allies and four Colonial companies. It was best to draw lots for sides to avoid squabbles. Suddenly, the British "group" sent against "us" from Ticonderoga would hear a trampling behind them, in the forest on the right. It was Herrick and his Rangers, and each boy pretends to a uniform of green. There would come a rattling fire (stones) in the rear on their left. It would

they might enjoy religious freedom. Above all, they believed that the state had no right to meddle with religious doctrine and discipline. They maintained that no civil power should enforce religious conformity and objected to being taxed by the church body.

From whom they had separated. Daniel Webster, at a Hartford Convention, gave an excellent summary of their characteristics: "The Unitarian is a good degree a temperate, sober, self-restrained person, standing by good order and obedient to law, conservative and yet progressive, having a steadfastness that may be counted on, and a will of his own; not having varied with practical wisdom and common sense, nor yet far departed from the religion of his fathers."

Historically the parts of the town history that most appealed to these and so were the early celebrations attributed to Henry the famous Washington battle of August 15, 1777, Stark's defeat of the British forces during the French and Indian war.

Years before we came to Newington, there had been a general idea of the battle, staged on the very hills of the animal fight, six miles from Newington Center. This show battle had made good in 1893 when on the town boys that they organized their own teams into six groups. There was a fine chance for leadership, with the British and their Indian allies and four Colonial companies. It was said to draw lots of people to watch the spectacle. Naturally, the British "troops" were armed with "two Thompsons" would have a troop of regulars, in the forest on the right. It was British and his regulars, and each was provided with a uniform of green. There would have a rattling fire (noise) in the rear on their left. It would

be Nicholas giving the signal to begin. Since before sunrise they should have been winding in single file through the forest, and now, a green twig in every hat band, they come forth. At the first firing the Indians (British allies) must flee. A column pushes forward on the Tory breastworks this side the river. It is Stickney and Hobart and every boy must have a corn husk in his hat. At the same signal, the main body under Stark (in this company would be our tallest boys) moves up in front and the battle rages on every side. The Tories flee, come rolling down the slippery steep, shot by the valiant home troupe. From three till five (we shortened this from hours to minutes) the fire was a continuous roar. The death dealing columns close in nearer and nearer. At eight paces distant they pick off the cannoneers. Still nearer they come until their flashes meet. The ammunition cart explodes (what a noise we made!) within the entrenchments. Then come terrible clashing of swords and gunstocks and bayonets. Gigantic John McNeil strikes down four Hessians with the butt of his gun. In five minutes, twenty Hessians break through to the forest. The rest are all prisoners or dead or dying. Of course, we never had enough to make the whole number, but we never forgot to shout out the total: "Thirty killed and about forty wounded for our loss as against the British 207 dead and many others mortally wounded or prisoners." +

Time and time again we would act out this climax of the Bennington story when Burgoyne failed to capture the stores gathered here and received the definite beginning of his final defeat. When notified of his troop's loss at Bennington, he wrote to London,

+ Account given 1879 Centennial Anniversary Pres. Bartlett of Dartmouth

as Nicholas gives the signal to begin. Since before sunrise they should have been winding in single file through the forest, and now a green trail in every hat band, they come forth. At the first the long the British (British allies) were free. A column passed the word on the top of the mountain this side the river. It is difficult and every boy must have a corn meal in his hat. At the same instant, the main body under Stark (in this company) would be out (last boys) move up in front and the battle rages on every side. The British lines, once rolling down the eastern slope, were by the valley some ground. From there till the (we shortened this from four to minutes) the fire was continuous. The dead, falling, and those in danger and danger. At eight o'clock instant they pick off the ammunition. Still, however they come on till their flashes meet. The ammunition cart explodes (what a noise we heard) within the entrenchment. The British terrible clearing of smoke and confusion and confusion. Nicholas John McCall strikes down four Russians with the butt of his gun. In five minutes, Russian resistance breaks through to the forest. The rest are all prisoners or dead or dying. Of course, we never had enough to make the whole number, and we never forgot to add out the total: thirty killed and about forty wounded for our loss as against the British 307 dead and many others seriously wounded or prisoners.

Time and time again we would not let this attack at the beginning story when Nicholas failed to capture the enemy position and he had received the definite beginning of his final defeat. When notified of the troops' loss at Pennington, he wrote to Pennington.

"The Hampshire Grants in particular, a country new peopled in the last war, now abounds in the most active and rebellious race of the Continent, and hangs like a gathering storm on my left."

There were two anecdotes that especially pleased us boys.

+ Eleazer Edgerton, in the midst of the second engagement, was firing away from behind a tree when suddenly he espied a very young man looking round anxiously for a standing place alike secure.

"Here, boy," shouted he, "take my tree; you fight behind and I'll fight before. The rascals daren't shoot me; they know me." And in an instant he had planted his giant frame back to the trunk of the tree; and there he stood firing until the Hessians did know him, and fear him, and fled beyond the reach of his bullets.

+ The other story we often heard at the tavern. "Old Uncle Silas Robinson was somewhat peculiar in his way, but his sharp voice used to give great effect to the account of his participation. 'I had heard,' he said, 'that these Robinsons were all cowards; and I rather thought, if any of them was, I was the man. But somebody told me that gunpowder was good for courage, so I took a gill of gin, and thickened it up; and when I had drank that, I tell you, then I fought.'"

It may seem strange that the minister's boys delighted in such warlike pastimes, but the truth was, we welcomed this play with the neighborhood children. Fighting was not especially attractive to us, but companions were. We all had exciting times together in our mock battles, though I must confess that I enjoyed listening to the stories more than the active fighting. Father

+ Memorial of a Century, p. 196. Isaac Jennings Gould and Lincoln 1869

The Hampshire Strains in particular, a copy of the paper in the
last year, now presents in the most active and successful race at

the Continent, and hence like a gathering storm on my left.

There were two anecdotes that especially pleased me.

Alfred Robertson, in the midst of the second engagement, was the
last man to fall in a fight which he won. He was a very young
man looking round anxiously for a standing place alive.

"Here, boy," shouted he, "take my place; you fight better and I
fight better. The French don't shoot me; they shoot you." And
in an instant he had planted his foot firm on the ground of
the dead; and there he stood till the British had won
his, and then he, and then he, and then he, and then he.

The other story we often hear of the French. "The French
Alfred Robertson was somewhat peculiar in his way, but his
voice used to give great effect to the account of his battles.

"I have heard," he said, "that those Frenchmen were all
cowards; and I repeat tonight, if any of them was, I was the one.
But somebody told me that Englishmen were good for nothing, so I

took a bill of lard, and challenged it up; and then I had a great
fight, and then I fought."

It may seem strange that the Englishman's love of battle in
such various positions, but the truth was, he welcomed this fight
with the neighborhood children. Fighting was not especially
attractive to us, but sometimes it was. We all had exciting times

together in our most bitter, though I must confess that I enjoyed
listening to the stories more than the active fighting. Father

was strict so far as our play time was concerned, for he taught us that the passing moment was too precious to be carelessly spent. On Sundays he especially restricted our amusements. We could not stir away from our own home. From Saturday sunset till Sabbath going down of the sun church and Bible reading were our chief occupations.

By the time I was seventeen and Aretas twenty and in the midst of his course at Williams College, I was father's assistant in the home and church. Always I had been fond of music and when the organ was put into the church, I set myself to learn how to play it, till I became the organist. I especially enjoyed this opportunity because I had not entered college when I was graduated from the Academy. Although mother said that I had been a "bright" small boy because I had learned to read in the New Testament before I was four years old, I had always felt that my brother Aretas was much more gifted than I. Consequently, his advanced education seemed more necessary than mine. Although father was always thrifty and nothing went to waste in our home, still Aretas's extra expenses made considerable drain on family finances. Consequently, I went into the woodworking shop in the town. Ever since my first jack-knife in Huttonsville, I had enjoyed handling tools and had taken keen pleasure in shaping the wood into form and use. 'Twas a proud moment for sister Martha, on her eighth birthday, when I put into her hands a doll's bed, a four poster, corded and polished till it shone. Martha treasured it so carefully that it has brought pleasure to three generations of children. A trinket box and mother's snuff-box have also survived the years.

was afraid to let me out any time was concerned, for he thought
that the passing moment was too precious to be carelessly spent.
On Sundays he especially restricted our amusements. He would not
allow any from our own house. From Saturday evening till Sunday
going down of the sun church and Bible reading were our chief
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By the time I was seventeen and passed twenty and in the
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ing I was four years old, I had always felt that my brother's advice
was much more fitted than I. Consequently, his advanced education
seemed more necessary than mine. Although father was always strict
and nothing went to waste in the home, still mother's extra ex-
penses were considerable owing to family finances. Consequently,
I went into the working shop in the town. Ever since my first
jack-knife in Hallowell I had enjoyed turning tools and had
father knew pleasure in sharing the work into town and back.
A good reason for sister Martha, on her eight birthday, when I
cut into her hands a doll's head, a four corner, carved and polished
till it shone. Mother remarked it so carefully that it has
brought pleasure to three generations of children. A trifle and
and mother's skill-box have also survived the years.

Aside from the manual skill acquired in the shop, fourteen hours a day and the financial gain (\$1.50 a week), I have always felt that I received full value from the by-products of this experience. It brought me into daily contact with people who were earning their livelihood by handwork and I learned to respect the skilled mechanic. From him I acquired a scorn of makeshifts. In that day proverbs were rather the fashion. There were three that continual use in the shop impressed me:

A place for everything and everything in its place.
Haste makes waste.
If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well.

Although necessities for a trained mechanic, these principles were invaluable to have acquired before college.

Needed fully as much just at this period in my life, as this acquired skill and respect for labor, was the knowledge these shop days brought of the problems of the village life. As a minister's son, in a happy home, busy with year-round duties of wood-box and garden in its season, study and church, much of the temptation in the raw had escaped me. Drinking, public hall dancing, gambling, had been sermonized over but not known from personal experience. The rough, coarse gathering round the public halls disgusted every sense of decency. The drinking at the tavern, however, seemed but a natural part of the hour's sociability and when the men there offered me a drink now and then in my schoolboy days, I found the taste pleasant. To be sure, I knew that the members of father's church had pledged themselves neither to use nor traffic in ardent spirits as a drink, but I was not a member of the church and felt

value from the annual bill accepted in the shop, fourteen
hours a day and the financial gain (\$1.20 a week), I have always
felt that I received full value from the by-product of this ex-
perience. It brought me into daily contact with people who were
earning their livelihood by handicraft and I learned to respect the
skilled craftsman. From him I acquired a sense of responsibility.
In that day workers were rather the masters. There were those
that continued use in the shop improved and

A place for everything and everything in its place.
Handy means waste.
If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well.

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were products of the products of the village life. As a minister's
son, in a happy home, busy with year-round duties of work-day and
evening in its season, study and church, each of the traditions in
the town had passed on. Drinking, card playing, gambling,
had been outlawed over but not known from personal experience.
The rough, shabby gathering round the public hall suggested every
sense of decency. The drinking at the tavern, however, seemed out
a natural part of the town's sociability and when the men there
offered me a drink now and then in my schoolboy days, I found the
quite pleasant. To be sure, I knew that the members of Father's
church had pledged themselves not to do any trading in spirit
liquor as a drink, but I was not a member of the church and this

that I had a right to form my own opinions. I listened, however, with deep interest to the men at the shop as they argued about what was right or wrong. Sixteen years before, practically every one in town had drunk ardent spirits. The minister of the First Congregational Church, Mr. Clark, had made the first move toward any change. About 1827, he had circulated a paper throughout the town asking each person to pledge the keeping of a record of the amount of ardent spirits used during one year. Hardly anyone objected to such a simple request. At the close of that year only eight reported no use, and one set down eight gallons, noting, however, that he had taken some for bathing purposes. Such procedure had not contented Mr. Clark. His enthusiasm in the temperance cause had so increased that those men in the shop had seen their neighbors cutting down their fine apple orchards to lessen hard cider production. Of course, this seemed an absurd application of this principle, but I began to watch the workers around me. 'Twas true enough that the non-drinkers had steadier hands, were the more skilled workmen when it came to managing machines. Now and again a man did not appear on Monday morning and the reason was generally the same. Perhaps father was right and times were changing and industry beginning to demand new standards.

Shop talk had another absorbing topic. In 1830 a strange contest had occurred in Philadelphia -- a race between a horse-drawn wagon and an engine. Of course, the engine had broken down and the horse had won, much to everyone's amusement. Thirteen years later, the December before I entered Williams College, that laughed-at engine had been so much improved that the Western Rail-

that I had a right to have my own opinion. I listened, however, with some interest to the man at the shop as they argued about the right or wrong. Jackson gave before, practically every one in town had heard about his fight. The minister of the First Baptist Church, Mr. O'Leary, had made the first move toward any change. About last, he had introduced a paper throughout the town asking each person to pledge the hanging of a rascal of the name of Arthur Smith next spring one year. Arthur, however, objecting to such a simple remedy. At the close of that year only one or two had taken some for Arthur's cause. Each promised and had promised Mr. O'Leary. His explanation in the congregation was that he believed that there was in the shop and even their neighbors, crying down their time and efforts to Jackson and their opposition. Of course, this seemed an absurd application of this principle, but I began to watch the workers around me. There were enough that the non-Christians had standard horses, were the more killed women who it came to managing machines. But and again a man did not agree on Monday morning and the reason was generally the same. Perhaps father was right and these were changing and industry beginning to demand new standards.

Shop talk had another absorbing topic. In 1885 a strange contest had occurred in Philadelphia - a race between a horse-drawn wagon and an engine. Of course, the engine had broken down and the horse had won, much to everyone's amazement. This year later, the Rochester Post reported William Collins, 1887, laughed at engine had been so much improved that the Western Union

road was opened its entire length during the last days of 1841, from Boston through Worcester to Albany. On December 27th the Boston City Government went to Albany where they were duly entertained, leaving their homes in the morning and arriving only fifteen hours later in Albany. Early in the morning of their departure, they caused some spermaceti candles to be moulded, which they took with them to illuminate the table at the Albany banquet. The Albanians were not to be outdone. They were to return to Boston with their guests the next day, and in so doing took with them a barrel of flour, the wheat for which had been threshed at Rochester on the previous Monday. They went to Boston on Wednesday. The barrel itself was made from wood which on the threshing day had been growing in the trees. This flour, duly converted into bread, the authorities and invited guests solemnly ate at a great dinner at the United States Hotel in Boston on the evening of December 30, 1841. Local apple orchard controversy dwindled in importance compared with this inter-state railroad development. Machines and more machines were becoming the commonplace of life. I began to agree with father that his church pledge was becoming a practical need in the work-a-day world.

Father had, in truth, become during these working days at home near to me. Clear and logical in his arguments, firm in his own faith, he made no demand that I should join the church or follow his own Puritan belief. Still, he had brought me to feel, not so much by his words as by what he was, that my body was a temple of God, given for the service of others, to be trained and guarded against any abuse that might interfere with its usefulness.

Even though I might not have brother Aretas's intellectual gifts, father and mother persuaded me that I could not well afford to miss a college training. I was the more willing to be of this opinion because in the years since I had graduated from the Academy I had been able to lay aside more than half of my weekly earnings. As the yearly expenses at Williams College in 1843 were but little over a hundred dollars, I did not need to depend altogether on father for support. Sarah would soon be entering Mount Holyoke Seminary. I felt that I must care for myself as much as possible. I knew that mother as well as father had hoped that I would become a minister, but I was not sure yet that I would ever be good enough for such an occupation. I liked working with people, had watched father, through these years of his pastorate in Bennington, bring comfort and courage and simple faith to many a person. The feeling of my own unworthiness so possessed me that I still hesitated to commit myself to any pledge for the future. I had learned to watch and listen and think and fight my own temptations. I must be far wiser if I were to guide others.

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aid for support. I had been able to contribute about thirty
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to commit myself to any choice for the future. I had learned to
watch and listen and think and live my own convictions. I was
so far away if I were to leave of this.

SECTION III

TECHNICAL TRAINING

1843-1850

Harvest time was well over that brisk September day in 1843 when father drove with me fifteen miles south from Bennington, Vermont, to Williamstown, Massachusetts. Even though we were a valley town in Bennington, with hills all about us, the Williams College buildings, themselves built on a low hill, seemed encircled by a wall of mountains. We had come over the Hoosac Mountains, with the Taconic Range on the west stretching still farther north. Ahead of us, almost joining the Hoosac and Taconic Range, lay Greylock, high above the abrupt gulf called the "Hopper." I never lost my love for all these hills, but my favorite was Greylock, the highest peak of Saddle Mountain, with white mist so often trailing across its sides.

This day, however, I was eager to find my college room and listened rather impatiently to father's stories of his own college days on that same campus. A bed, a straight-backed chair or two, and a fireplace may not seem much to rouse excitement, but as my first dwelling place away from home, they assumed personal importance. The month before, I had seen the campus when I passed my examinations: Geography, Vulgar Arithmetic, Algebra through simple equations, English, Virgil, Cicero's Select Orations and Caesar's Commentaries, Greek Testament and Grammar. Now, once in my own room, I felt ready for classes though somewhat diffident about all the strange faces around. The next morning, I was up

SECTION 111

TECHNICAL TRAINING

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when Father drove with me fifteen miles south from Burlington, Vermont, to Williston, Massachusetts. Even though we were a valley town in Burlington, with hills all about us, the Williams College buildings, themselves built on a low hill, seemed entirely by a wall of mountains. We had come over the Hoosac Mountain, with the Taconic Range on the west, stretching still farther north. Ahead of us, almost joining the Hoosac and Taconic Range, lay Graylock, high above the abrupt Gulf called the "Hoosac". I never lost my love for all these hills, but my favorite was Graylock, the highest peak of Middle Mountain, with white mist so often trailing across its sides.

This day, however, I was eager to find my college room and listened rather impatiently to Father's stories of his own college days on that same campus. A bed, a straight-backed chair or two, and a fireplace may not seem much to those accustomed out as my first dwelling place away from home, they seemed of great importance. The month before, I had seen the campus when I passed my examinations: Geography, Vulgar Arithmetic, Algebra through single equations, English, Virgil, Cicero's Select Orations and Caesar's Commentaries, Greek Testament and Grammar. Now, once in my own room, I felt ready for classes though somewhat different about all the strange faces around. The next morning, I was up

even before the warning bell rang at five thirty and all ready to go the quarter of a mile to Chapel half an hour later when the tolling of the bell assembled us there to prayers. That first morning those hundred and seventy-five college fellows looked sleepy-eyed as if "just emerged from" bed. Fifteen minutes later, after listening to the Professor's reading of the Bible and his short prayer, we hurried back to the recitation in West College. This room, well lighted, was warm because a fellow student who slept in it earned his rent by building the fire and keeping the room in order. He had contrived a folding bed against the wall. After an hour of recitation, I certainly felt ready for breakfast. The study hours from nine till eleven brought me back to my room for genuine work till the second hour recitation. By dinner, at twelve, I began to feel a little less strange, and actually accomplished some studying from two till four, the hour of the third recitation. Not till after supper, at six, did I find that I could plan my own time. In a surprisingly few days, my hours settled down into the routine of that first day. Wednesday only varied the program by substituting for the afternoon recitation, exercises in public speaking with two performers from each class.⁺

On the second Sabbath of this first term, it was a surprise to hear it rumored round that if the weather were only fair, the seniors were to present a petition for Gravel Day on Monday. Naturally it was somewhat difficult for a freshman to gain any really reliable information from upper class men as to what was going to happen, but our curiosity was satisfied next morning at Chapel.

⁺ Davis, University of California Chronicle xiv, No. 1

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The Professor announced that sunshine made it possible to grant the seniors' petition. "For the fostering of physical labor and exercise so essential to vigorous mental exertion recitations were to be dismissed and the students were to turn out, en masse, to re-gravel the college walks." Not till the next spring, when I watched the town's population struggling through their muddy walks, did I appreciate the practical need of this "Gravel Day." Our gravel packed down closely and by the end of that day our one hundred and seventy-five men had thoroughly graveled our walks.

This work came none too soon for by October that year our first snow storm and freezing ground had shut away the gravel pits. Rising bell now rang at six o'clock and as the sun rose later and later and the cold strengthened, the Chapel room grew more and more cheerless. No carpets on the floor, no cushions on the seats, no fire, and on zero mornings, only a flickering candle because the oil in the lamp had frozen. Sometimes when I went to fill my pail at the well, I would have to break through ice to draw my water. No wonder that our fireplaces became our choicest possession, and that with the utmost care we covered the coals at night and kept on hand a generous supply of twisted paper lamp lighters. Matches, of course, were unknown. Mr. C, "Professor of dust and ashes," who made our beds and swept our rooms, was kept busy taking up the accumulation of ashes. By spring, the campus showed the effect of the numberless woodpiles and near the close of the second term, in May, we all welcomed "Chip Day." Again released from recitations, we "put the grounds in order and

Sketches of Williams College, David Amos Wells and Samuel Henry Davis
published in Williamstown, 1847

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dread and weary-time had been thoroughly exercised out walks.

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fire, and on rare mornings, only a flickering candle because the
oil in the lamp had frozen. Sometimes when I went to fill my
pail at the well, I would have to break through ice to draw my
water. No wonder that our fireplace became our pleasant pos-
session, and that with the utmost care we covered the coals at
night and kept on hand a generous supply of twisted paper lamp
lights. Matches, of course, were unknown. Mr. E. "Professor
of heat and ashes" who rode our beds and swept our rooms, was
kept busy taking up the accumulation of ashes. By spring, the
candle showed the effect of the numberless woodpiles and near the
close of the second term, in May, we all welcomed "Ship Day."
Again released from recitations, we put the grounds in order and

removed the ruins caused by winter's siege on the woodpiles."

Our classroom equipment, to a modern college boy, would have seemed meager. In some of the rooms where our mathematics professor needed a diagram for demonstration, he chalked it out on the floor. There were, however, two parts of the college property held in high honor by students and faculty, the astronomical observatory and the "manikin". We prized the observatory begun in 1836, finished in 1839, because it was the first permanent observatory connected with any of the American colleges. This building was due to the enthusiasm of Professor Albert Hopkins, instructor in Natural Sciences and brother of the President, Mark Hopkins. With the help of the students in bringing the stone from the nearby quarry, drawing largely, too, on his own financial resources, Professor Albert Hopkins pushed through this enterprise because he believed so strongly in the value of natural science, little stressed, up to that time, in our college curriculum.

⁺The manikin, President Hopkins's own special project, was equally an innovation. So important did he consider the knowledge of our physical selves in connection with our mental development that he planned a senior course in anatomy and physiology as the foundation for mental and moral training. To carry out this study, he felt that the college must own this manikin, recently imported from France to the Albany Medical College. The cost was eight hundred dollars. The college had no extra funds. President Hopkins decided that the manikin must pay for itself by traveling to neighboring towns on lecture tours. That winter, of 1841, the sleighing was fine. President Hopkins, his manikin

⁺ I Classic Shades Ch.iii

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traveling to neighboring towns on lecture tours. That winter, of
1921, the sleighing was fine. President Hopkins, his assistant

carefully packed in a box which so filled the sleigh that he had to ride his thirty mile journey with his feet hanging over the runners, became a familiar figure in the hill towns. In Stockbridge especially, his lectures were received with enthusiasm. My freshman year, the trustees became convinced that the college must own the manikin and canceled President Hopkins's note for eight hundred dollars.

These two incidents, the building of the Observatory, and the buying of the manikin, illustrate the self-sacrifice and determination that lay behind the progressive teaching of these two brothers. They are not ranked as educational reformers, yet in their quiet way, they encouraged significant innovations, not only in the study of the sciences, but also in methods of instruction. Although we had recitations rather than lectures, yet their work with us was not so much to communicate facts as to set us to thinking, to make us feel the powers of the universe and our own practical relation to the world around us. Moreover, even as a freshman, I felt that my instructors were interested in my individual welfare, and were for me friendly guides, not men who were watching with sharpness all my "outgoings and incomings" lest I become a rogue. Early in freshman year, we were asked to sign a pledge not to drink or to traffic in drink. In the twenty years since the beginning of the temperance movement though public habits had changed somewhat, many of the freshmen considered this pledge rather radical. Probably because of my experience in father's congregation and among the men in the shop, I understood the value of such a pledge and was most interested to find that

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twenty years since the beginning of the temperance movement through
public health had changed somewhat, many of the freshmen considered
this pledge rather rational. Probably because of my experience in
father's congregation and among the men in the shop, I understood
the value of such a pledge and was most interested to find that

the general sentiment among the upper class men was for it. The use of this pledge was but a part of our general instruction that each one must conserve all his energies that he might gain his utmost of physical and mental power. Personally, having always found the study of languages difficult, the classes in English, Latin, French and Greek required all my strength of application for mastery.

+Perhaps because I was older than many of the freshmen, I was not much troubled by hazing, though some of it I considered altogether too severe. One hazing episode I thoroughly enjoyed. Happening to glance out my window, I saw a decrepit old horse which some fun loving sophomores had been arraying in all sorts of trumpery. A meek freshman was leading him. The horse had boots on his feet, pantaloons on his legs, and his body covered with old carpets. A pipe was stuck in his mouth, and an antiquated umbrella hoisted over his head. On his side was fastened a flaming notice, "Oats wanted. Enquire inside." He was moving with the velocity of the minute hands of a clock - and so was the freshman.

Sophomore year, however, I managed to make myself thoroughly unpopular with a certain set of my own class when in no uncertain terms I protested against another type of hazing. The rougher sophomore element had set itself to throwing pebbles at the freshmen's windows. That pastime was harmless enough until one dark night, the tormentors, passing a house under construction, discovered a pile of jagged rocks. On my way down the corridor to my own room I had stopped to chat for a minute with a freshman friend,

+ Sketches of Williams College, David Amos Wells and Samuel Henry Davis

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quated umbrella poised over his head. On his side was fastened
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own room I had stopped to chat for a minute with a freshman friend.

when crack, smash, the window glass scattered around us - a rock large enough to have thoroughly damaged the freshman's head broke the lighted lamp on the table. Throwing the freshman a blanket to keep the burning oil from spreading, I sent that rock flying back toward the moving shadows below, as I shouted: "Throw another like that and I'll report you to President Hopkins." Many a struggle had I had with a temper ungovernable when roused by injustice. The college could ill afford a fire, for only two years before, East College had burned. In these days we could not play with fire. Still, it was not normal for a sophomore to fight his own classmates in defense of a freshman, even under such provocation. Calmer moments of reflection discovered inconsistency in my returning that rock with such force, and made me thankful that I had failed to hit my mark, although I still maintained that the principle I was defending was right.

Whatever personal differences of opinion there might be developing among us during sophomore year, we were all agreed in our attitude toward Euclid. Algebra, geometry, mensuration, conic sections, with logic and rhetoric to relieve the strenuous mathematical combinations, made us ready for at least one funeral ceremony at the end of the year. Euclid had become a gentleman who had ceased to interest us forever. The very evening after our final sophomore examinations, promptly at nine o'clock, the class, not a member missing, assembled in the recitation room. "The deceased, much emaciated and in torn and tattered dress, was stretched on a black table in the center of the room. This table, by the way, was formed of an old blackboard, which like a mirror had so often

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ceased, much excused and in form and tailored dress, was stretched
on a black table in the center of the room. This table, by the way,
was formed of an old blackboard, which like a mirror had so often

reflected the image of Euclid. In the body of the corpse was a triangular hole, made for the post mortem examination, a report of which was read. Through the hole, those who wished were allowed to look; and then placing the body on their heads they could say with truth that they had for once seen through and understood Euclid.

"A eulogy was then pronounced, followed by an oration and the reading of the epitaph. After this, the class formed a procession and marched with slow and solemn tread to the place of burial. The place selected was in the woods, half a mile south of the college. As we approached the place, we saw a bright fire burning on the altar of turf, and torches gleaming through the dark places. All was still save the occasional sympathetic groan of some forlorn bull-frog which came up like minute guns from the marsh below.

"When we arrived on the spot, the sexton received the body, This dignitary presented rather a grotesque appearance. He wore a white robe bound around his waist with a black scarf, and on his head a black, conical shaped hat, some three feet high. Having fastened the remains to the extremity of a long black wand, he held them in the fire of the altar until they were nearly consumed, and then laid the charred mass in the urn, muttering an incantation in Latin. The urn being buried deep in the ground, we formed a ring around the grave and sang the following dirge, written for the occasion:

reflected the image of the body. In the body of the woman was a triangular hole, made for the post-mortem examination, a part of which was torn. Through the hole, there was a small hole, and then placing the body on their heads they could see with their hands that they had for once seen through and understood the hole.

A eulogy was then pronounced, followed by an oration and the reading of the epitaph. After this, the class formed a procession and marched with slow and solemn tread to the place of burial. The place selected was in the woods, half a mile south of the college. As we approached the place, we saw a bright fire burning on the altar of earth, and touched flames through the dark places. All we still have the traditional sympathetic groan of some forlorn bull-dog which came up like a minute gun from the earth below.

When we arrived on the spot, the sexton received the body. This ceremony presented rather a grotesque appearance. He wore a white robe bound around his waist with a black sash, and on his head a black, conical shaped hat, some three feet high. By fastening the remains to the extremity of a long black wand, he held them in the air until they were nearly consumed, and then laid the charred mass in the urn, muttering an incantation in Latin. The urn being buried deep in the ground, we formed a ring around the grave and sang the following dirge, written for the occasion:

Why gathers this band in mourning here?
 Why bend we in sorrow over the biër?
 Oh! well may we weep and in sadness mourn
 For from us a friend by death has been torn.
 Then weep! brothers, weep!
 For he sleeps his last sleep.
 With whom we have all held sweet converse together.
 Then, brothers, come, turn
 One last look at his urn,
 And leave him there gently to slumber forever.

We ne'er shall forget while memories last,
 How Playfair loved us, and clung to us fast
 He led us to conquer in the Elements' war
 Though some of us show full many a scar.
 But now the fierce battle
 With its din and its rattle
 Hath passed, and the sky is beautifully clear.
 See! that triangle host
 With a rectangle ghost
 In a tangent-like course, is leaving our spear."

Euclid may have been irritating, but as the last note of his dirge was echoed by a heavy bull-frog groan, we confessed in our hearts to a certain melancholy. With Euclid we had buried the first half of our time together." ⁺

Other music more satisfying than this dirge was to bring me much satisfaction. About this time, the college acquired an organ and some one by chance discovering that I had played the one in our Bennington church, made it possible for me to become the college organist. The deep pleasure that music brought me more than compensated for the time needed for practice. The organ was but one of the additions during our four years. Steadily the college was growing. The trustees added three new buildings: a lecture hall east of the college; Lawrence Hall, used for a library; Kellogg Hall, combination recitation and dormitory. During the last two years our studies showed more and more empha-

⁺Sketches of Williams College, David Amos Wells and Samuel Henry Davis

My father's this heart in mountain haze
The road we in sorrow over the hills
Oh! well we were and in sadness mourn
For from us a friend by death has been torn
Then good brother, would
For we always live in sleep
With whom we have all held sweet converse together
Then, brother, come, turn
One last look at his urn
And leave him there gently to slumber forever.

We no longer shall forget while memories last
How Mayfair loved us, and clung to us last
He led us to conquer in the Algonquin war
Though some of us show full many a scar
But now the fierce battle
With his din and the rifle
Hath passed, and the sky is beautifully clear
See! that Algonquin host
With a resplendent host
In a ferment-like career, is leaving our spear.

Should we have been listening, but as the last note of
his pipe was echoed by a heavy half-free groan, we confessed in
our hearts to a certain melancholy. With should we had bided
the first half of our time together.
Other music more satisfying than this pipe was to bring
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During the last two years our studies showed more and more emphasis

sis on Science: for juniors, trigonometry, navigation, surveying, natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry; for seniors, metaphysics, ethics, natural law, civil polity, theology. Although I have been able to keep some reference acquaintance with my Greek and Latin these fifty years, the directing influence for my future plans came through my contact with Professor Albert Hopkins, first in his natural philosophy class and later in his noon prayer meetings. For several years it had been his custom to meet for half an hour after the noon meal, any students who had spiritual problems to discuss, or those who were uncertain of their faith as well as those who had come to feel the power of prayer. I think that I had first been attracted by the singing, for I enjoyed singing tenor as much as I did playing the organ. After one or two stanzas of some familiar hymn, Professor Hopkins would repeat one brief Scripture text, followed by a verse by each student. If, by chance, any verse was incorrectly quoted, Professor Hopkins quietly corrected it. After two or three short prayers by the students, Professor Hopkins spoke briefly, one strong thought. Sometimes discussion followed, but generally there was time only for a single stanza of the closing hymn. During my first two years I had rather held aloof from attending, but when as a junior I came in closer contact with Professor Hopkins, I recognized a power within the man, a steady purpose that set him apart from the other instructors. He made us feel our lives belonged to the service of our Master. That fall there was a general spiritual revival among the men of our class and when I went home for the six weeks winter vacation, I joined father's church in Bennington. Father's

side on sciences: for history, trigonometry, astronomy, natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, for medicine, metaphysics, ethics, natural law, civil policy, theology. Although I have been able to keep some reference acquaintance with my Latin and Latin these fifty years, the directing influence for my future plans came through my contact with Professor Albert Hopkins, first in his natural philosophy class and later in his noon prayer meeting. For several years it had been his custom to meet for half an hour after the noon meal, any students who had spiritual problems to discuss, or those who were uncertain of their faith as well as those who had come to feel the power of prayer. I think that I had first been attracted by the singing, for I enjoyed singing tenor as much as I did playing the organ. After one or two instances of some familiar hymn, Professor Hopkins would repeat one brief Scripture text, followed by a verse by each student. If, by chance, any verse was incorrectly quoted, Professor Hopkins quietly corrected it. After two or three short prayers by the students, Professor Hopkins spoke briefly, one among himself. Sometimes discussion followed, but generally there was time only for a single stanza of the closing hymn. During my first two years I had rather held aloof from attending, but when as a Junior I came in closer contact with Professor Hopkins, I recognized a power within the man, a steady purpose that set him apart from the other instructors. He made us feel our lives belonged to the service of our Master. That fall there was a general spiritual revival among the men of our class and when I went home for the six weeks winter vacation, I joined Father's church in Georgetown. Father's

story of the Haystack Prayer-meeting of 1806 held in the grove near our campus and the pledge taken by those college men to go as messengers of Christ's teachings to foreign lands gained new meaning. For a time, I hoped that I, too, might become such a missionary to the Chinese, but the discovery that my hearing was slightly defective put an end to that ambition. Such a physical handicap would be impossible to overcome in learning all the fine tone distinctions of the Chinese language. Instead, I resolved to preach in the smaller more needy churches of my own land.

Both President Hopkins and his brother were Puritans, Congregationalists in belief. They had little use for forms and no fear of science. "It is the dignity of science that we reach and share the thoughts of God." Again and again they emphasized the harm done by the great stress on creeds. Faith in God as revealed by Christ, his power, his relation to each individual, his righteousness, his self-sacrificing love, formed the basis of their teaching. In their theology, Professor Hopkins was more emotional, President Hopkins philosophical. Both stressed service, the practical application of religion rather than theoretical discussion. They made us feel that the greatest need for trained men at the time was in the church. Another three years at Princeton Theological School seemed a strenuous undertaking in addition to the four at Williams College, but by teaching in the vacations and working in various ways in summer and managing the food supplies in one of the dormitories at the Seminary, I was finally able to graduate from that Seminary in 1850.

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These years in College and Seminary had, of course, trained me in Greek and Hebrew, theological discussions of creed and systematic Bible study, but more than all this accumulation of facts and intellectual development the days brought me the belief that the essential for each individual was spiritual growth. Just as a machine without a brain behind it is dead, so is a brain merely a cold, hard mechanism unless it be motivated by faith in God, the spiritual force hidden in all material life. Individual contact with this spiritual force must come through prayer and self-sacrificing service. In the last seven years I had gained little added respect for my own ability, but I had discovered an infinite source of power. If God could but use me, my ministry, to bring this comfort and strength to hopeless and aimless people!

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SECTION IV

MATURITY

1850--1893

During the last months of my senior year at Princeton Theological Seminary, an opening had come for me in a small church in North Pownal, Vermont, a village but five miles north of Williamstown in the southwest corner of Vermont. Going there immediately after graduation in 1850, I found a curious situation. In the larger village of Pownal, Methodist and Baptist churches had been built, but there was as yet no church organization in the north village. There was, however, a house of worship build almost entirely by those who were not professors of religion in a community where Baptist and Methodist influences had prevailed from the first. The movement grew out of a general dissatisfaction with those denominations, the results of whose systems of doctrines and efforts appeared in the depressed moral condition of this and some adjacent towns in Massachusetts as compared with towns in which Congregationalism had sown better seed. The more immediate occasion of the change was the failure of the Baptist church in another neighborhood to fulfill its engagements to assist in building the house of God. It was a new thing in the work to see such a movement originating and carried forward in a community like this, having no outside influence. It was home missionary effort in the essential features of being a new field not deriving its support mainly from a church located in its midst. It had the peculiarities of being self-organized in the soil and self-sustaining. When I

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formed the organization, the church was made of twelve members, half of whom before coming to North Pownal had once been in other churches, the others making a profession. We had a flourishing Sunday School, small but increasing, and an attentive audience.

Since leaving the Seminary my health had improved. I enjoyed my duties, when I was faithful and well, very much. It was good to be serving our glorious Master, to preach the gospel to the poor, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, with a patient, believing, hopeful spirit. One or two cases of hopeful conversion, and special seriousness among some of the people encouraged me to feel that greater blessings were in store for us. My personal reason for special happiness in having so soon this new home arose from the friendship formed with my sister Sarah's roommate at Mount Holyoke Seminary, Augusta Lane. During their vacations from the Seminary, she had visited Sarah in Bennington, and had given me engagement of promises that looked toward better things to come.

Two important events happened the second autumn in North Pownal. First, in October, 1851, father drove over to assist in my ordination. He recorded this event as one of the happiest in his life. Second, at Thanksgiving time, I ceased being a bachelor priest and felt indeed that better things had come to me, truly, when I brought Augusta Lane home as my wife. As she had been my sister Sarah's best friend, all my family rejoiced with me in my fortune.

It meant much to me to have father near enough for consultation. Two of his deacons were extreme abolitionists. Although

formed the organization, the church was made of twelve members, half of whom before coming to North Point had once been in other churches, the others making a profession. We had a flourishing Sunday School, small but interesting, and an attentive audience.

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Two important events happened the second winter in North Point. First, in October, 1851, Father drove over to assist in my ordination. He recorded this event as one of the happiest in his life. Second, at Thanksgiving time, I ceased being a teacher

for present and felt indeed that better things had come to me. Truly, when I brought August 1851 home to my wife. As she had been my sister Sarah's best friend, all my family rejoiced with me in my fortune.

It meant much to me to have Father near enough for counsel. Two of his sons were extreme abolitionists. Although

father himself believed strongly in abolition, he had refused to use the pulpit continually for controversy, and dissension had spread through his Bennington parish. The fall I came to North Pownal, he had resigned after over fourteen years' pastorate, having made up his mind that if possible he would go peacefully. Half of the people urged him to stay, but he felt that the time had come for the conclusion of his work there. By the next fall when I was ordained in North Pownal, father was again preaching, this time in Hebron, New York, some nine miles distant from North Pownal. Several times he drove over to see me, but even though we could not see each other often, his weekly letters were a constant source of gain to me in the varying problems I had to face in this first parish. Because of the Baptist influence in Pownal, I found it necessary, though I wished to avoid controversy over doctrines, to take some action against a certain minister of the village who tried to bewilder and deride the society to which I had been called, in regard to baptism. Father's letter dated January 30, 1852, regarding this matter shows so thoroughly his character and principle of action:

"It appears to me that you must let your people see the other side. If you preach one sermon on the subject of baptism, you may expect that the next time Mr. A. comes he will load his blunderbuss to the muzzle with burning lava, poured forth in such quantities as shall be sufficient to immerse you. (Go and hear him if you can.) You will then be

Father himself believed strongly in abolition, he had refused to use the pulpit continually for controversy, and dissension had crept through his Huntington parish. The fall I came to North Pownal, he had resigned after over fourteen years' pastorate, having made up his mind that it possible he would go peacefully. Half of the people urged him to stay, but he felt that the time had come for the conclusion of his work there. By the next fall when I was ordained in North Pownal, Father was again transiting this time in Heaven, New York, some nine miles distant from North Pownal. Several times he drove over to see me, but even though we could not see each other often, his weekly letters were a constant source of faith to me in the varying problems I had to face in this first parish. Because of the English influence in Pownal I found it necessary, though I wished to avoid controversy over hostilities, to take some action against a certain minister of the village who tried to belittle and divide the society to which I had been called, in regard to baptism. Father's letter dated January 30, 1852, regarding this matter shows so thoroughly his character and principle of action:

"It appears to me that you must let your people see the other side. If you preach one sermon on the subject of baptism, you may expect that the next time Mr. A. comes he will lead his congregation to the music with singing here, sound forth in such quantities as shall be sufficient to answer you. (Go and hear him if you can.) You will then be

obliged to come out with a second sermon. By that time, you will be able to pile back his own cinders upon him and show him to be an 'immerser' that needs to be 'instructed'. Use no harsh epithets, make no charges of ignorance or base motives, make no attack on anyone, but present the truth so clearly, and answer objections conclusively, that everyone must see and be satisfied. Combat error, not men. Do all for the sake of Christ and his cause. The Lord guide you by his spirit. You will find a suitable text in Matthew xxviii:19:

'Go ye therefore, and teach all nations,
baptizing them in the name of the Father
and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.'

" It will be more effective, though less elegant, at the end of each argument to affirm, 'This proves such a point, and this proves such a point;' then at the close of a general head to reiterate, 'This and this and this point have been proved.' A few such statements and summaries do much toward convincing men by fixing the arguments in their minds. Assertions prove nothing and questions prove nothing. But my advice is cheap and you can do with it as you please."

Limited though my field was, yet that winter of 1852 was indeed a happy one. My parish not only completed the payment on

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Printed through my field was, yet that winter of 1852 was in-
deed a happy one. My parish not only completed the payment on

the church, but began building a parsonage suited to my wife's planning of fewer bedrooms but larger with more air and closets. While the house was in the process of building, she spent April and May with her parents in Bedford, Massachusetts, near Boston. My garden and the new parsonage were ready to welcome her return. In October our joy was made complete at the birth of a son named Elihu Goodman for my dear mother's father. Early in the spring my throat and voice had troubled me somewhat. I tried to ignore this condition, till on Thanksgiving Day of that year, while I was riding home on horseback, a severe hemorrhage of the lungs notified me that active work must cease. By January 1853, it seemed necessary to resign from this beloved first pastorate at North Pownal.

Such a decision was indeed a sore trial, a more practical test of my faith in God's all-wise providence than I had ever been called upon to endure. Fortunately for my wife's comfort, she could go with the baby to her father's home, while I lived with my father at Hebron. The doctor said that I could not use my voice that winter. Chafing under my inactivity, by May I tried for a few weeks to do assistant's work in Burr Seminary at Manchester, Vermont, not far from Bennington, and managed to preach as supply in Hoosic Falls for three Sundays. I was, however, so far from strong that finally it seemed expedient to give up all attempt at work requiring the use of my voice and to spend the summer in Bedford and enter that winter for study in Andover Theological Seminary. The doctor gave me some hope that if I spoke only in whispers for a year, I might be able to return to

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and May with her parents in Bedford, Massachusetts, near Boston.
My father and the new parsonage were ready to welcome her return.
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William Gordon for my dear mother's father. Early in the spring
my throat and voice had become so sore that I tried to ignore
this condition, till on Thanksgiving Day of that year, while I
was riding home on horseback, a severe hemorrhage of the lungs
developed and that active work must cease. By January 1883, it
seemed necessary to resign from this beloved first pastorate at
North Town, Mass.

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test of my faith in God's all-wise providence than I had ever
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with my father at Vernon. The doctor said that I could not
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preach as supply in Northfield for three Sundays. I was, how-
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the summer in Bedford and enter that winter for study in Andover
Theological Seminary. The doctor gave me some hope that if I
abstained only in winter for a year, I might be able to return to

the ministry. My wife engaged to teach the private school in Bedford that winter. In spite of my infirmity, some weeks we would spend the Sabbath together, if I felt strong enough to walk over to Bedford from Andover. We all passed a profitable year.

In October, my wife and I had special pleasure in packing a barrel of harvest gifts for mother and father in Hebron. On its arrival father wrote the following appreciative letter:

"Hebron, October 21, 1853

Dear Bedford Friends,

I mailed you a letter yesterday, stating that your barrel of gifts had not arrived. I have now to inform you that it reached the parsonage today, and received the attention of all hands in dislodging the contents. Everything came quite safely and uninjured. We have diligently compared the unladen contents with your letter of the 11th inst. but do not find the rose slip and the grape slip mentioned in your enumeration, but find not mentioned some twigs designed I suppose as grafting scions but not labelled; some choice grapes, and a bottle of, not cognac, not Madeira, not West India, but of —please tell us what and for what use. We are rather ignorant off here in these back woods. The cranberries are very fine and very palatable, as you would have judged had you seen the keen relish with which we partook of them at our supper this evening, and felt the warmth and affection

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Bedford that winter. In spite of my infirmity, my wife and
I would spend the winter together. It felt strong enough to
walk over to Bedford from Andover. We all passed a pleasant

Year.

In October, my wife and I had special pleasure in packing a
barrel of various gifts for mother and father in Boston. On the
arrival father wrote the following appreciative letter:

"Boston, October 21, 1872

Dear Bedford Friends,

I mailed you a letter yesterday, stating that
your barrel of gifts had not arrived. I have now to
inform you that it reached the postoffice today, and
received the attention of all hands in dispatching the
contents. Everything came quite safely and unin-
jured. We have diligently combed the unopened con-
tents with your letter of the 11th inst. but do not
find the blue slip and the purple slip mentioned in
your enumeration, but find not mentioned some things
designated I suppose as trifling articles but not labelled.
Some choice games, and a bottle of, I suppose, not
Kobler's, but West India, but of course tell us what
and for what use. We are rather ignorant off here in
these such words. The grapefruit are very fine and
very palatable, as you would have judged had you seen
the keen relish with which we partook of them at our
supper this evening, and felt the warmth and affection

glow toward our kind Bedford friends from whose bounty we were so richly supplied. The apples and the roots and the bulbs all came very finely indeed, as well as the peas and the grapes. Nothing was bruised or in any way damaged by the bringing. I hope that you have not robbed Mrs. Lane. The gladiolas will be beautiful. The crocus shall have as sunny a place as we can find about the domicile, -- they shall be in to-morrow.

We do indeed highly prize the whole contents. Wife says that, as she eats the grapes, she calls to mind Augusta's careful hands which had picked them so nicely that they came in full perfection. Accept then the gratitude of each and all of us, as the remuneration for the present, and till we can confer on you some future act of kindness.

Yours in fraternal bonds

A. LOOMIS"

I have no doubt but that much of my returning strength was due to my work in my father-in-law's garden. All through the summer and fall, even a little of such labor each day had made me feel less of a dependent. I could think while my hoe worked in and out on the garden border, and later jot down my thoughts for future sermons.

All that fall, and the winter of 1854, I thoroughly enjoyed the lectures at Andover Theological Seminary under Dr. Parke. So wide did the field for study open before me, making me realize

also towards my kind friends from these
we were so richly supplied. The apples and the pears
and the walnuts all came very finely indeed, as well as
the pines and the grapes. Nothing was broken or in any
way damaged by the shipping. I hope that you have not
touched Mrs. Lane. The glass is all so beautiful. The
crown shall have as many a glass as we can find about
the house. -- they shall be in to-morrow.

We do indeed highly prize the whole contents.
Miss says that, as she ate the grapes, she calls to
mind Augustus's carved bands which had picked them so
nicely that they came in full perfection. Accept then
the gratitude of each and all of us, as the remuneration
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and out on the garden border, and later for some my thoughts for
future seasons.
All that fall, and the winter of 1884, I thoroughly enjoyed
the lectures at Andover Theological Seminary under Mr. Parker. It
was all the field for study open before me, and as realistic

my own ignorance, that I wrote to father of my longing for another year there. Father's answer showed how wise he was in the ways of his son:

"Should you thus spend another year, you would probably feel, at the close of it, that you were still deficient and really needed one year more. You have perhaps read the life of Nettleton. You know how very useful he was, and how high he stood. It has been remarked of him, and is, I believe, the general opinion of those who were acquainted with him, that the study of the Bible and prayer are what made him, or were the grand means of his elevation and success in preaching. An apprentice, on first setting up his trade, is not expected to be as finished a mechanic as he will be when he has worked at his business a few years. The path of duty, for most men, is to enter upon the work of God, after the usual time of preparation, and trust in the Lord for grace to prosecute it to his glory. Usually, more is depending on our moral than on our intellectual training. The preaching of the gospel is a great and good work. 'Who is sufficient for it?' Who is worthy to be an ambassador of the King of Kings? Yet he uses earthen vessels. When we are weak, then are we strong. We need not fear to trust in Him for grace and wisdom."

Father had indeed shown me the cure for self-disparagement; the study of the Bible and prayer.

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"Should you thus spend another year, you would probably feel, at the close of it, that you were still deficient and really needed one year more. You have perhaps read the life of Heston. You know how very useful he was, and how high he stood. It has been remarked of him, and is, I believe, the general opinion of those who were acquainted with him, that the study of the Bible and prayer are what made him, or were the grand means of his elevation and success in preaching. An apprentice, on first setting up his trade, is not expected to be as finished a workman as he will be when he has worked at his business a few years. The path of duty, for most men, is to enter upon the work of God, after the usual time of preparation, and first in the Lord for grace to prosecute it to his glory. Usually, more is depending on our work than on our intellectual training. The preaching of the Gospel is a great and good work. Who is sufficient for it? Who is worthy to be an ambassador of the King of Kings? Yet we need earthly vessels. When we are weak, then are we strong. We need not fear to trust in Him for grace and wisdom."

Father had indeed given me the duty for self-discipline; the study of the Bible and prayer.

About this time also, through a friend of my brother Aretas, there came an opportunity to go to a Florida church, but as I was steadily gaining under present conditions, and my wife, even with her arduous school duties, enjoyed so much being in her mother's home, we decided to stay as we were through the winter of 1854. Though my wife found that the school boys taxed her patience to the utmost with their boisterous ways, she made such an impression upon them that several, later, studied for the ministry.

Under God's guidance, my term of physical testing had passed and by October of that year I was strong enough to undertake a pastorate ten miles from Bedford at Littleton. Here I spent sixteen busy years. Certain economic conditions, practical in their application to my parish, gave opportunity to apply some of the theorizing of the Seminary. Here was a comfortable farming community, where there was almost no poverty, and hardly a home which was not well provided for. It did not seem to me right that my salary of five hundred dollars must be paid in part by the Home Missionary Society. Consequently, I introduced a reform: each member of the congregation, on his way into church, had opportunity to place in the box at the door what he considered his share of the church expenses. Systematic giving, a tithe of each person's income, either in money or produce, belonged to the Lord's work. Of course, this experiment met with all sorts of criticism, but the result proved the justice of the principle. The church income rose from five hundred dollars, with missionary help, to eight hundred dollars under the new plan. To help my people to understand how far the century had moved in our

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home missionary fields, I reviewed for them its beginnings. It was necessary to turn back to events in my father's childhood. As in all such matters, the situation for the need was created.

+ Massachusetts and Connecticut had claimed by Colonial patent, right to lands extending far beyond their western boundaries. In 1786 Massachusetts was given right to purchase from the Indians a million farms known as western New York and, in 1790, Connecticut was given three million acres south of Lake Erie. The land was advertised for sale in exchange for cultivated farms in New England. The families who went out to take up these lands were too poor, too busy with breaking new ground to start their own schools and churches. Because of these new settlements, in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society was founded "to diffuse the gospel among the heathen (Indians) as well as other people in the remote parts of our country where Christ is seldom or ever preached." Its charter read, "To Christianize heathen of North America and promote Christian knowledge in new settlements in the United States."

++ In 1802 The Hampshire Missionary Society was founded, and it was by that Society that father was sent to Western Virginia in the fall of 1818. The nineteenth report of the Trustees of the Hampshire Missionary Society, rendered in Northampton, August 1820, stated that the total money collected and spent during that year was \$1687.39. This same report contained one brief record of

+ Leavening the Nation, Joseph Brown Clark. Pub. Baker & Taylor Co. N.Y. 1903

++ American Church History, Vol.iii, Chap.ix. pub.1894

++ Hampshire County formed in 1662. From it were set off, later, Franklin(1811), Hampshire (1812). Commissioner of Public Records, State House, Boston

+++ Nineteenth Report of Trustees of the Hampshire Miss.Soc.Northampton 1820. Pamphlet printed by Thomas Shepherd

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In 1803 the Home Missionary Society was founded, and it was

of that society that Father was sent to Western Virginia in the

fall of 1810. The nineteenth report of the Trustees of the

Home Missionary Society, rendered in Charleston, August 1820,

stated that the total money collected and spent during that year

was \$1007.25. This same report contained one brief record of

leaving the station, Joseph Brown Clerk, Rev. Baker & Taylor Co.

N.Y. 1803

American Church History, Vol. III, Chap. IX, pp. 1594

Home Missionary Society formed in 1803. From it were set off, later, Frank-

lin (1811), Massachusetts (1811). Commissioners of Public Records, State

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Nineteenth report of Trustees of the Home Missionary Society, Boston

1820. Reprinted by the Trustees

father's work on his "mission." "Mr. Brooks was the first missionary sent by this Society out to Western Virginia. After he had fulfilled his appointment, the Reverend Aretas Loomis followed him. God so blessed their missions that they both continued in that needy portion of the Lord's vineyard. One year ago, not more than two or three attended family prayer. Now two thirds of them do and there are twenty-seven families in that society."

When I compared my prosperous New England village with the purpose for which the Home Missionary Society had originally been founded, I felt more and more reason for the independent support in this church. The frontier line for needy churches in new communities had pushed far out into the West. Where there was still need, in the United States, there our money should be spent.

It seemed to me, moreover, that the greater share of our missionary effort should not be confined to our own country. I could not myself go out as a foreign missionary but I could preach the privilege of giving money to support those who could go to carry the gospel of Christ's teaching to Turkey and India and China. It was not sufficient to care for the welfare of the home community, care which brought immediate returns of increasing prosperity to the men and women and children of that vicinity. Christ's teaching had never been restricted by race or color, poverty or wealth, freeman or slave. Our American Board, started so quietly by the haystack in Williamstown, 1806, had grown in the half century to an organization, reaching the wide world over and requiring the support of every Christian church in America. I made it my purpose that a proportionate part of the church income should

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be set aside for work outside of the community. A part was sent to the Home Missionary Society, a part to the foreign work of the American Board. Probably my interest had been directed particularly toward the foreign work not only because of my own individual feelings about it, but also because President Hopkins of Williams College was the leader of that organization. Simply stated, this principle of giving meant sharing with someone else, without thought of recompense, the story and teachings of Christ.

In the summer of 1857 came my first heavy personal loss. Almost continuous and severe pain made it necessary in November, 1855, for father to resign from his Hebron church. In one of his last letters from Hebron, 1855, he wrote: "In this section of the country, it appears to be a time of general stupidity. People generally seem to be more anxious to market well their potatoes than to lay up treasures in Heaven, more anxious to secure a great price for their corn than to gain durable riches in righteousness." Possibly his ill health made him unduly despondent. He spent six months with his daughter Sarah in Hoosic Falls, but finally was able to return to Bennington for the last year of his life. Since early spring he had looked forward with earnest desire to our family gathering in August. For a week previous to the coming of the others, I was able to be there with father, one of the best visits we ever had together. On that Saturday evening, while sitting with us at the tea table, he had a severe attack of pain. Restored, however, by the night's rest, though still weak, he came into the parlor the next morning, supporting himself on his staff, and took his seat with us at family

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porting himself on his staff, and took his seat with us at family

worship. This was Sabbath morning , the first morning the entire family in all its branches had been together. He requested that we might sing, "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah," with its last stanza of the Christian treading the verge of Jordan and safe passage through. Then during the pause that followed the singing, as he sat in the rocking chair by mother's side, he very slowly in tones almost too feeble to be heard, began, "I feel that I am soon to go the way of all the earth. With desire I have desired I will not say to eat this passover with you before I suffer, but with longing desire I have desired to see you all assembled once more before I die. I had hoped to go with you to the house of God in company, but God has unexpectedly taken my strength away. I cheerfully submit. I bless God for the mercy I have received at his hand my life long." He then kneeled feebly down and prayed with us all, prayed for her who had been his beloved companion all these years, for his children, his grandchildren, for himself and the Church of God. Although Monday his strength revived so that he was able to visit happily with all of us, Tuesday his trouble returned in intensity, and early Thursday morning he tranquilly ceased to breathe. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Such was the text of the funeral sermon. Tenderly, reverently, we buried him in the lot given by the people of Bennington, in the center of their beautiful cemetery, looking across a valley to his beloved hills.

Mother, left alone with sister Martha, expressed our loss better than I can. She was writing six months later to father's

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dear sister Nancy in Northampton. "We have both deeply felt that we have been bereaved of a faithful, tried and affectionate friend and counsellor. Our main earthly stay and staff has fallen. We miss his elastic step about the house, his cheerful conversation in the family circle, his unremitted attention to all our wants, even to his last conscious hours."

As father made me executor of his will, and I could reach Bennington from Littleton in a day, I was with mother for three or four visits. Self-forgetting, patient, loving, it would have been but selfish to wish that, in her loneliness and suffering, she should linger more than the year after father's death. I am making this record in memory of my father and mother, not because I would make much of my sorrow, common to all sons and daughters, but in reverent love and gratitude for the inheritance they gave me of a happy Christian home from the beginning in that log-cabin in Huttonsville, Western Virginia. When I went out from the home, year after year, father found time to write to me, no matter how busy or weary he might be. Once my protest lest he over-tax himself by writing called forth this: "God has made us social beings and designed us for social enjoyments. He would have us take a deep interest in each other's welfare and has offered this method of writing letters for cherishing family affection."

During the seventh year of my Littleton pastorate, neither parish problems nor personal bereavement absorbed our thoughts. The climax of our national struggle was upon us, a struggle wherein personal advantage, divine justice, economic needs and developments and political rights had become so entangled that

the nation was most fortunate in finding the leadership of a man like Lincoln. We had inherited, at the beginning of the war for independence, more than half a million chattel slaves, and English theologians "were vexed by the question as to whether slaves should be taught the Christian doctrine of salvation." Largely due to the difference in climate, soil and economic conditions, the need for slave labor in the South had far exceeded that in the North. When the Federal Law, in 1808, had forbidden the importation of Negroes, many of the states north of Delaware were gradually outlawing slavery. In spite of the thriving aspects of slavery the moral objection against it grew and so did the economic: shrewd observers noted the advantage of free over slave labor and many a Virginia planter believed that the state would be better without slave labor. Jefferson felt strongly concerning slavery: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever." In 1820 came the Missouri Compromise, setting aside the major part of the Louisiana territory to freedom. To offset this gain, the next forty years saw a tremendous increase in cotton production in the South, giving to slavery not only a new lease of life but intensifying the evils of the overseer, who must use the most extreme methods, at whatever cost, to make gain for the planter. Such pressure produced two billion pounds of cotton in 1860, with two-thirds of all the slaves in America working in the cotton fields. The year I came to Littleton, 1854, Emerson himself, so strong an idealist, could not see yet whether it would be freedom or slavery which would be abolished.

The Rise of American Civilization, Chap. iv, page 133, Charles A. and Mary R. Beard, Macmillan Company, New York, 1930

Ibid. Chapter xix, page 651

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The Rise of American Civilization, Chapter 12, 1927, 1930
and Gary B. Smith, Washington University, St. Louis, 1930
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By 1861, the whole nation was set in turmoil, North against South. The evil of slavery had over-reached itself.⁺

That part of the service I felt myself most fitted for was the Christian Commission, organized by the Young Men's Christian Association, late in 1861, November 14. As we had now three small boys in our family, Henry, the youngest, not a year old, my wife's hands were more than full and I hesitated as to whether my duty was to them and my parish, or to the Christian Commission. Finally, I decided to divide my time between the work of the Christian Commission and my Littleton parish, and in 1863 volunteered for a brief period of service. Again in 1864, I went out for three months near Martinsburgh, Virginia. My service during this period was interrupted by a severe case of varioloid. Smallpox was one of the many scourges afflicting our soldiers. Our one disinfectant was "smoke." I smoked my letters home when I sent them and my wife repeated the operation when they reached Littleton. For six weeks of this time, my brother Aretas supplied my pulpit and then he, too, came out to labor with me in the Christian Commission. When I returned to Littleton, at the close of this second period, my duties at home had accumulated. Between the demands of my garden, family, school committee, and parish there should have been few moments for any other thoughts. My heart, however, was with the lonely, wounded soldiers in the hospitals and when in the fall of 1864 I received a call from the Commission to go out as a permanent agent to remain through the year or through the war, I made ready to leave by September 22. I hoped that great good would result from this terrible war evil,

⁺ The Rise of American Civilization, Chap.iv, p.656. The Sweep of Economic Forces

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was one of the many soldiers afflicted our soldiers. Our one

distinguished was "snake." I smoked my pipe when I went

then and my wife reported the operation when they reached home.

For six weeks of this time, my brother Arthur shared my

labors and then he, too, came out to labor with me in the Chris-

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The Rise of American Civilization, Chap. 1, p. 455. The basis of

historical sources

but at close range such good was difficult to feel. That winter, our Littleton home was closed, my wife and the two younger children going to Bedford, while my eldest son stayed with his Aunt Martha at school in West Newton. We all considered this separation but a small share in the general disaster.

During this last term of my service 1864, I was stationed near Point of Rocks, within defences of City Point, General Grant's Headquarters in Virginia, not far from Appotomatox where Lee surrendered in the spring of 1865. It is rather difficult for anyone acquainted with the work of the Red Cross or with modern hospital surgery, to understand what army life would be like with no such welfare work, no anesthetics, no antiseptics. That winter, whatever tramping we needed to do from the landing to headquarters, was through deep, sticky Virginia mud. The headquarters of the Commission for the Army of the Potomac had its separate buildings for chapel, storeroom, reading room, stockades for lodgings and diningroom and cookrooms, arranged in two parallel lines. In front was the Base Hospital of the Army of the Potomac, with forty acres of wounded, dying and recovering soldiers. "The hospitals were simply canvas tents, pitched upon wide streets, on what had once been a cultivated field." Dense dust clouds in summer blew continually over the camp. One of our agents suggested that a steam fire-engine be sent to relieve the situation. This engine not only speedily laid the dust of the camp but also furnished the hospital with abundant water from the Appotomattox.

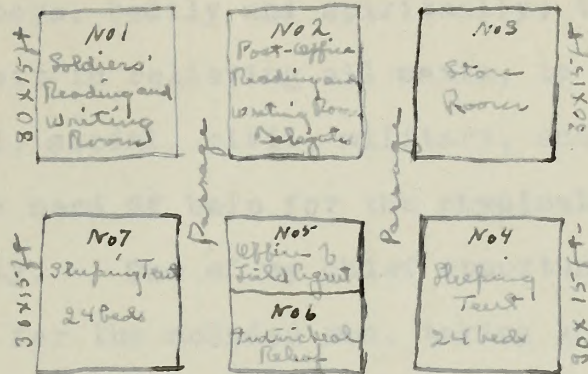
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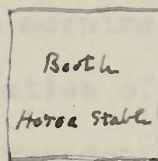
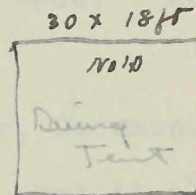
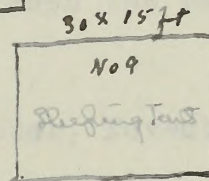
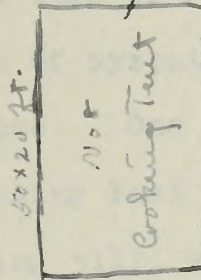
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Front Toward General Hospital

Flag



Rising Ground

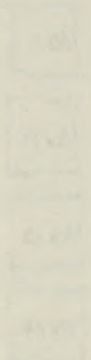
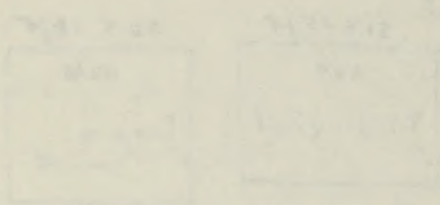
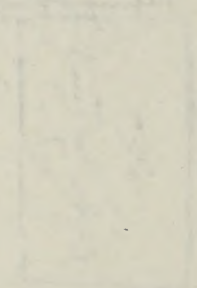
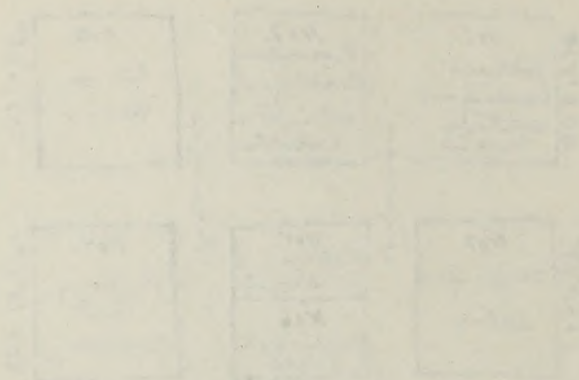


Christian Commission Establishment at U.S.
+ General Field Hospital, City Point, Virginia.

+ Annals of United States Christian Commission — Rev. S. Moore.

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Although the Sanitary Commission, under secular management, set for its task looking after the physical comforts of the soldiers, our Christian Commission delegates sought to do that and something more. In general, the aim set us was to promote the well-being of troops, bodily and spiritually; to diminish all suffering, to assist in relieving all wants, to promote all interests, physical, social, civil, military, and religious. There was no end to the need of help for the physical needs, much of it beyond our ability. One of my chief opportunities came in writing home letters for the wounded men, taking charge of their money, either keeping it for them or forwarding it to their families. There were also the notes of sympathy when injury or death must be made known to those at home. One night, just before a battle, we sat up all night long, taking last messages, counting money, writing and writing and writing till, when the sun rose, I actually could not write my own name.

+ The work of this winter, October, November, December of 1864, was much like that of the previous year except that it all was on a larger scale. We had many more publications to distribute besides a large loan library of well chosen books. The reading rooms were crowded from morning till night. One special feature this year was the education of the colored troops in the Twenty-fifth Corps. To each regiment or brigade we sent out tables, primers, spelling and writing books, blackboards, slates, pens and ink. Trained teachers came to help and we gave our evenings for instruction. The men came in as picket and fatigue duty would permit,

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Work in the Army of the Potomac, Chapter vii page 453

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three thousand a week. The average man learned to read easy sentences in four weeks' time. As soon as one acquired a letter or word, he would hunt around for some one more ignorant than himself to share it. It was most interesting to see how tickled + the great black fellows were to learn. When they would get hold of a word, they would laugh right out. One of them did when he got his tongue around the word "wisdom". I asked him if he knew what it meant. He said, "Oh, yes, it means to have a heap of sense." The officers of the regiments noted increased obedience and better discipline among those men who were studying.

++ One day's work we had among the Cavalry was of a very different nature. Rev. William A. Lawrence describes it better than I can in the following report:

"As we came down from Hatcher's Run, two days ago we met Sheridan's Cavalry just in from the White House, filing off to the left of our lines. On reaching City Point I found a plan was on foot to pay these flying soldiers a visit, and in two hours brothers Loomis, Carpenter, Roberts, French and myself were moving out with a four-horse wagon-load of supplies. We came upon Sheridan's men at ten the next morning, encamped for the day, three miles north of Hatcher's Run. We soon had our wagon 'in position' and opened upon them with a brisk fire of Testaments, hymn-books, papers, writing paper, needles, thread, etc., till we had pretty effectually

++ Annals of the United States Christian Commission, Year 1864-65
page 449, by Rev. Lemuel Moss, Pub. Phila. J.B. Lippincot
& Co., 1858

+ Henry J. Patrick, An Appreciation, J.T. Stocking, pub. privately 1909

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One day's work we had among the Cavalry was of a very differ-
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 can in the following report:

"As we rode down from Father's Run, two days ago
 we met Stephen's Cavalry just in from the White House,
 riding off to the left of our line. On reaching City
 Point I found a plan was on foot to pay these fellows
 a visit, and in two hours brothers Deane, Cor-
 penter, Roberts, French and myself were mounted and with
 a four-horse wagon-load of supplies. We came upon Sher-
 idan's men at the next morning, encamped for the day,
 three miles north of Father's Run. To each of our
 wagon 'in position' and opened upon them with a brisk
 fire of telescopes, spy-glasses, papers, writing paper,
 needles, thread, etc., till we had pretty effectually

silenced calls in that direction. A box of Adams Express envelopes, packed among our stores, proved a special providence, for the paymasters came into camp that morning and began to pay off the regiments. We gave out word at once that we would express it home for them, as soon as we could pitch our tent and get things in readiness. We selected a central spot near General Merritt's headquarters, floated the blue Christian Commission flag, cooked our own dinner in the old Atlanta campaign style, deployed brothers Page and Hamilton (who came in as reinforcements) as skirmishers about the camp and pitched our tent. We posted brother Roberts outside with the reading-matter, stationery, etc., as a sort of 'advance picket', while Loomis, Carpenter and I took up a strong position behind a breastwork of boxes at the entrance of the tent, and prepared to receive the 'enemy' -- the love of which is the root of all evil -- in a becoming manner.

"The boys were ready with their money as soon as we were ready to receive it, and all three fell hard at work. Carpenter, veteran Christian Commission cashier and expressman, was in his glory. Seated on a box of farina, with an empty dry-goods box for a desk, and a broken blackberry cordial bottle for an inkstand, his coat off, and taking money and names, giving Testaments and answering questions, his face radiant with benevolence and fun, -- you should have seen and heard him:

'John Monoye. How d'ye spell it?' 'J-o-h-n' 'No!
I know how to spell John,— the last name?' 'Yes, my
friend, I hope that book will be your constant companion.'
'Write to the United States Christian Commission, City
Point, for your receipt if the money don't go right.'
'Who's the next man? A bundle to send home?' 'Loomis,
that's in your department.' 'Don't hurry, boys; we
shall be here all night, if you don't crowd us to death
before.' 'One hundred dollars? Mrs. or Miss?' 'All
right.' 'Writing paper? That man outside will send it
for you?' 'You're very welcome, sir; your wife will be
glad to get the money, no doubt.' 'Christian Kemfer? I
hope you are a Christian indeed. How is that?' 'How
much did you say?' and so on till eleven at night when
we closed the tent. We had received two hundred and fifty
seven packages of money, containing in all over twenty-two
thousand dollars. We wrote out invoices till one, then
put the money under our heads for a pillow, and slept
soundly till daylight, when we were roused up. Without
time to make so simple a toilet as to put on our coats,
commenced expressing money again in the greatest haste.
The whole command was ordered to move at an early hour,
and this was the last chance the poor fellows might ever
have to send the well-earned money to old father, or wife
or children. At nine o'clock we had expressed three
hundred and sixty-nine packages, containing over thirty
thousand dollars. Then came the bugle order, 'Prepare

to march!' 'Mount!' and in a few minutes all around us was as silent as a prairie. The whole Command had vanished and our short work was done.

"We had been among them only twenty-four hours but it seemed like a year's work of common life, so crowded were the hours with opportunities to serve these dear fellows that we can reach but seldom at best. The pleasantest part of it all was the faith the men had in us as members of the Commission. They handed over their money to us without asking a question or taking any kind of a receipt. We were Christian Commission and they were all right, and in this confidence was their strongest security after all; for I would work my fingers to the bone sooner than by any fault of mine such men should lose and such trust be betrayed. God grant that in due time the name of Christian may mean always, 'not slothful in business' as well as 'fervent in spirit'; may mean all that is noble and lovely and trustworthy; and thanks be to Him if the Commission can do anything toward bringing back to Christ once more the blessed name of Christian!

"A few days later, while the battle of Five Forks was raging, one of Sheridan's men, galloping past a Delegate, caught sight of the badge, reined up, fumbled under his blouse, drew out a roll of bank bills and turning it into the Delegate's hand, said, 'Send this to my sister, S--J- ; she lives in --.' Before the Delegate could ask the name and regiment of the unknown cavalryman he had

taken his place in the line ready for action. The money was sent and we trust the brave man came out of the fight to confirm at home his confidence in the badge of the Christian Commission."

Underneath all this material assistance, the special, primary and ruling end sought by our workers was to secure a living fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ. Sometimes we could shield, strengthen and build up those who are his people, and lead to thoughtfulness, penitence and faith, the impenitent. We tried to form acquaintance with the men, particularly with those who were Christians and thoughtful, to collect them together and help them to realize the benefits of mutual sympathy, and to scatter generally through the camps religious reading, to bring others into meetings for preaching. Among our workers, the fulfillment of even a part of these aims was dependent on four qualifications: constant fellowship with Christ; a spirit of prayer, faith and hope; knowledge of the truth and skill in handling it; and true sympathy with the soldiers. Never must we forget to show respect for their bravery and patriotism, gratitude for their services, love for their souls. With such suffering and horror all around us, it was only by reading the Bible for ourselves, and with the soldiers, and by constant prayer for all things which we and they needed that we could keep our trust in an all-loving Savior. If we could but learn to take God at His word that He may meet us with his blessing.

+ The official annals of the Christian Commission state that \$6,291,107 make the sum total of gifts distributed by them during

+ Official Annals of the United States Christian Commission, p. 729

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The official journal of the Christian Commission states that
\$2,500,000 was the total of gifts distributed by these during
Official Journal of the United States Christian Commission, p. 129

the period of the war. Whatever the Christian Commission may have accomplished spiritually must stand unrecorded except in the hearts of the men, and their families. Some few years later, when leaders from different nations gathered in Geneva to discuss plans for a Red Cross, the word of the welfare work for our soldiers had made such an impression that they had asked a representative from the United States to tell them the practical methods for carrying out such work, internationally. Flood in Jamestown, fire in Halifax, famine in Russia, earthquake in San Francisco, human disaster in our own town or far across the seas, even in peace times, the Red Cross now stands ready to aid men and women and little children. Truly, in mysterious ways does God bring out of evil, good.

As always, after wars, there came the readjustment. More fortunate than many of the business men of that period, I found that my church wanted me again as pastor. Still, my Christian Commission experience had made me uneasy. I wanted to carry out my earlier purpose of preaching in needy churches. Littleton was now an increasingly prosperous community. When my home was desolated by the death of my wife, in 1867, and my boys settled in college or preparatory schools, I went out to the Middle West in 1870, and found a small parish in Chesterfield, Illinois. There followed fourteen years of service in various small churches --each with its common human problems. Using the same plans that had proved successful in Littleton, during my eight years of service in Chesterfield, that church became a self-supporting part of the community. During the last year of my stay I became

engaged to Annette Monroe, the organist in my church. Her family felt that it took some courage to marry a man with such unsettling attitudes toward church support.

Our first home was in another Missionary church in Memphis, Missouri, near the northern boundary of that state. During our second year here my first daughter was born. Less than a year later, we moved away. 'Twas a small town and several of the fourteen churches could well be closed. I recommended to the Home Missionary Society that the Congregationalists set the example by uniting with some other group.

About sixty miles south of St. Louis, in Bonne Terre, we found an entirely different type of town and although I was allowed to stay there but a year, it was not because there was no work for the church to do.

It seemed hardly possible that sixteen years had passed since the close of the Civil War, so fierce was the hatred over slavery. Some of my congregation belonged to one faction, some to another. We happened to board with Dr. and Mrs. G-- who had been slave holders and had lost everything through the war. When Mrs. G --saw "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on our bookshelf, she said, "I shall burn that book if you do not hide it." Though abolitionists both Wife and I came to feel strong sympathy for the South. Law was still not law. One morning, frantic beating fell on my front door. "Come, come, Mr. Loomis, your deacon is leading the mob and they are going to hang Mr. K-- in his own yard." Rough justice, but the man whom they hanged had killed five men and been acquitted by the courts. The town

engaged to Annette Moore, the youngest in my church. Her family
felt that it took some courage to marry a man with such unassuming
allusions to his own worth.

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Missouri, near the northern boundary of that state. During our
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since the close of the Civil War, so fierce was the hatred over
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to another. We happened to board with Mr. and Mrs. G. who
had been slave holders and had lost everything through the war.

When Mrs. G. saw "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on our bookshelf, she
said, "I shall burn that book if you do not hide it." Though
abolitionists both wife and I were in fact strong sympathizers for
the book, I was still not free. One morning, I went to
lay out on my front porch. "Come, come, Mr. Jackson, your son
is leading the mob and they are going to burn Mr. K. - in
his own yard." Rough justice, but the man whom they burned
had killed five men and been acquitted by the courts. The mob

had threatened to hang him if the courts failed to give justice. We did not expel the deacon.

There was little I could do in such a crisis, but there was another evil I felt justified in attacking because so closely connected with my parish work. There were, of course, many negroes in the community, poor, outcasts, so far as the white people were concerned. Naturally, when I discovered want or suffering, if in any way I could bring help or comfort, I felt that my place was among them. Finally, one of my best friends in my congregation warned me: "You can't make those visits, Mr. Loomis, if you want to stay here. Your church won't stand for it." No colored person could be buried by daylight; the services must wait till after midnight. To attempt to set aside such a custom would have been foolhardy, but I continued to attend these funerals and my wife and I ministered as best we could to suffering, without noting color or occupation.

It was the matter of occupation that made our third group of problems, for Bonne Terre was a lead mining town. The birds flying over the mines dropped dead from the fumes. My congregation was made up of two separate groups: in the morning fifty people, mine owners and their families, made up a highly presentable but scattered audience; in the evening, five hundred miners crowded the seats and not one of the morning people appeared. When I urged the need of their help, they replied: "You surely can't expect us to stand the odor of that mining oil!" Even my questions provoked this same select fifty but my sermons on Sunday labor troubled them even more. Two shifts,

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There was little I could do in such a crisis, but there was another evil I felt justified in attacking because no class is happier with my certain work. There were, of course, many negroes in the community, poor, outcasts, as far as the white people were concerned. Naturally, when I discovered what was happening, it in any way I could bring help or comfort, I felt that my place was among them. Finally, one of my best friends in my congregation, warned me: "You can't make those visits, Mr. Jones, if you want to stay here. Your church won't stand for it." The colored person could be buried by daylight, the white man must wait till after midnight. To attempt to see such a person would have been foolhardy, but I continued to attend these funerals and my wife and I ministered as best we could to suffering, without noting color or occupation.

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day and night, seven days a week for each shift did those mines run. There was no fairness nor justice about it and I continued, in season and out, to preach and talk against it. Finally, since the same fifty who owned the mines owned the church, I was put out.

Certainly, in that section of the country, the curse of slavery lay heavy still upon the lives of all the people, social service for colored people required pioneer pluck, and the eight hour day, six day week, was as yet but a fantastic dream. Eventually I had faith to believe that Christ's teaching would help to solve those social and industrial problems.

There was one more western parish, this time in Oakwood, Michigan, where I was sent to "bury" the church. Probably this order could have been carried out decently more quickly if we had not tried once again the community way of paying the salary. Oakwood was in a section of farming country where there was little ready money but much comfortable living. Potato fields stretched away to the horizon, honey bees flew industriously far and near over sweet white clover fields. The farmers paid generously the salary in produce from their fields. The women in the society gave my wife a "real" gold watch and a neighboring village where I preached Sunday afternoons in the dance hall brought me a purse of money collected at dances, held without my knowledge, for that purpose. Somehow or other, I managed to turn that money back for their own use, but it required more tact and diplomacy to do so without hurting their feelings than any other situation I met in that parish. Wife and daughter, horse

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There was one more western parish, this time in Oklahoma, Michigan, where I was sent to "bury" the church. Probably this order could have been carried out instantly were it not that I had not tried once again the community way of paying the salary. Oklahoma was in a section of farming country where there was little ready money but much comfortable living. Pastors' fields stretched away to the horizon, money came from industriously far and near over sweet white clover fields. The farmers sold generously the safety to produce from their fields. The women in the society gave my wife a "real" cold water and a neighbor-ly village where I preached Sunday afternoon in the dance hall brought me a purse of money collected at dances, held without my knowledge, for that purpose. Somehow or other, I managed to turn that money back for their own use, but it required more tact and diplomacy to do so without hurting their feelings than any other situation I was in that parish. Wife and daughter, never

and kittens, and, of course, my garden and I lived a busy, happy three years together. More than once we had no stamp with which to send a letter back "East" and never, since that time, has Wife been able to eat honey. Instead of dying, the church yearly regained strength. Only a year after I left, to come to a mountain parish in western Massachusetts, a cyclone razed the building to the ground. The Home Missionary Board felt that the Lord's hand was more thorough than my efforts had been.

In spite of all these activities in these fourteen years in the mid-western states, I could not feel sorry to return to the hills of my college days. From my new parsonage I could once more watch the white mist-clouds moving across and above old Greylock; could see the winter sunsets glow behind the Berkshire hills. Compared with my other parishes, these ten years in Chesterfield, Massachusetts, were uneventful. The people were of New England descent, industrious hill farmers, with prosperous apple and maple orchards. Six district schools, most of them on separate hills, marked without formal division the different sections of the town, and it was necessary to drive down hill and up to each district. In the winter time, when snow piled high drifts, often forcing travelers to make their road through fields instead of on the regular highway, there was always one question awaiting my return from parish calls: "How many times have you tipped over to-day?" Sometimes my youngest boy, Aretas, born here in 1887, even my whole family, might tip over with me. Perhaps it was the buffeting against such winters, year after year, that had made the people of this town such sturdy men and women.

Early in the Nineteenth Century, at the time of the separation of the Unitarians and Congregationalists, the larger number in this town had been Congregationalists, and, contrary to the results in many communities, the church building had been held by that group. One condition, however, had been placed on the Congregationalists: for a certain number of Sundays during each year the pulpit was to be occupied by a Unitarian minister. Fortunately for everyone, while I was in Chesterfield, Dr. Chadwick, one of the leaders in the Unitarian church, spent his summers on our hilltop and made the fulfillment of this agreement most delightful. As I grew older, although I did not lightly set aside my own beliefs, I grew ever more willing to grant other people freedom of thought and action. Above all, I was coming more and more to believe in Church unity.

During this period a large group of young people quietly joined the church, and have since proved the earnestness of their profession by becoming active church workers of the present time.

At seventy, increasing deafness made it expedient for me to retire from my much loved people. Nearly seventy-five years before, back in 1820, this same Chesterfield Church, my last pastorate, is on record as having contributed \$9.23 that year to the Hampshire Missionary Society, the organization which had supported my father's first labors in Western Virginia. The past has curious ways of linking itself to the present.

Early in the Nineteenth Century, at the time of the separation of the Unitarians and Congregationalists, the larger number in this town had been Congregationalists, and, contrary to the results in many communities, the church building had been kept by that group. One condition, however, had been placed on the Congregationalists: for a certain number of Sundays during each year the pulpit was to be occupied by a Unitarian minister. For myself for everyone, while I was in Chesterfield, Dr. Chubb, one of the leaders in the Unitarian church, secured his consent to our mission and made the fulfillment of this agreement most desirable. As I grew older, although I did not lightly set aside my own beliefs, I grew ever more willing to even other people's freedom of thought and action. Above all, I was coming more and more to believe in Church unity.

During this period a large group of young people actively joined the church, and have since proved the earnestness of their profession by becoming active church workers of the present day. At seventy, increasing age has made its expectations for me to retire from my much loved people. Nearly seventy-five years ago, back in 1830, this same Chesterfield Church, my first pastoral charge, was on record as having contributed \$2.00 that year to the Massachusetts Society, the organization which had suggested by its first pastor in Western Virginia. The year has come when of living I look to the present.

SECTION V

RETIREMENT

1893--1920

A rambling old Cape Cod house, facing all its length long the marsh and across the little river winding here and there through the marsh, to the sea -- such was the house God's gracious providence gave to me for the last twenty years of my life. The readjustment that is often so difficult in the change from active service to being laid on the shelf, my son Elihu made easier for me. After leaving Chesterfield, I spent seven years in Bedford near his home. In 1900 we bought our Centerville house, by the sea, and Wife and son Aretas and I lived here in such contentment with garden and books and layman Church interests that the months and years passed peacefully and rapidly. Set aside though we were from the tremendous currents of world events, we watched with eager interest the rapid advance of industrial, international, and spiritual affairs. My first ride in an automobile in 1908 was an adventure which later through the generosity of my sons became a commonplace, though it never ceased to give me intense satisfaction. From an ox-cart to steam train to an automobile measured some distance to have traveled with the century. One wish was never satisfied: when the Great War took my five grandsons into its service, three of them as aviators, I did long to sail up above the clouds. Even if I could not actually know the motion I did watch them circling above me, and once saw one come to rest on the land.

NOTES

1893-1920

A rambling old Cape Cod house, facing all its length along
the water and across the little river winding here and there
through the marsh, to the sea -- such was the house God's grace
often providence gave to me for the last twenty years of my
life. The neighborhood that is often so difficult in the
change from active service to being laid on the shelf, my son
Albin made easier for me. After leaving Connecticut, I spent
seven years in Bedford near his home. In 1900 we bought our
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lived here in such contentment with garden and books and lay-
ers of interest that the months and years passed peacefully
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us through the generosity of my sons to a commonplace, though
it never ceased to give us intense satisfaction. From an ex-
posed place in an automobile we measured some distance to have
revealed with the country. One who has never satisfied when
the Great East took my five grandsons into its service, three of
them as aviators, I did long to sail up above the clouds. Even
if I could not actually know the action I did watch them cir-
cling above me, and once saw one come to rest on the land.

The benefits brought working men by the Labor Unions, the successful advance of social service, education for the Negro by such institutions as Tuskegee, the worldwide spread of Christ's gospel, the growing trend toward Church unity at home and abroad, all these and every other interest were swamped in the World War.

In October 1915 came the sixty-fifth anniversary of my graduation from Princeton Theological Seminary. Though I was physically strong enough to have attended it, the suffering of thousands and thousands of homeless victims of the Great War who were ready to perish through cold and hunger, called for help from us. It was not a good time to go pleasuring about the country with means that might give a measure of relief to some of the suffering women and children.

By November of the first year of the War, I began to long for its end. In 1916, while I was not eager for preparedness and a big army and navy and defiant attitude toward people beyond the seas, with Mexico a still unsolved problem, my one unspeakable comfort was that a mighty and merciful God rules and may be trusted in severe reproof of evil and in help to those who trust him. Just as from the Civil War, there came the righting of great wrong, so may this conflict, so much more terrible, bring about, in God's good time, correspondingly great advance to the whole world.

I have lived to see the Armistice Day and the return of all my grandsons, but not to see the far reaching results of the war itself.

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about, in God's good time, correspondingly great advance to the
whole world.

I have lived to see the Atlantic Bay and the return of
all my grandparents, but not to see the far reaching results of the
war itself.

To-day I have been writing my last letter to my family, to be read with my will:

My dear Family,

In this our final earthly farewell will you join with me in blessing the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all blessings in Christ; who according to his great mercy hath begotten us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

My dearly beloved Wife, Sons, Daughter, Daughters-in-law and Grandchildren, I thank my Heavenly Father for each one of you, and for all the precious tokens of his love received through you. I heartily thank you also for the dutiful respect and love, the care and generous service you have so cheerfully given me.

I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you the inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

Till we meet in Heaven, Good-bye.

Yours in tender love

ELIHU LOOMIS

To-day I have been writing my last letter to my family, to be read with my will:

My dear Family,

In this our final earthly farewell will you join with me in blessing the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all blessings in Christ; who according to his great mercy hath bestowed us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

My dearly beloved Wife, Sons, Daughters, Nephews, and Grandchildren, I thank my Heavenly Father for each one of you, and for all the precious tokens of his love received through you. I heartily thank you also for the faithful respect and love, the care and attention which you have so cheerfully given me.

I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you the inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

Till we meet in Heaven, Good-bye

Yours in tender love

WILLIAM L. BROWN

A P P E N D I X

APPENDIX

At a meeting of the Hampshire Central Association held at the dwelling-house of Rev. Enoch Hale in Westhampton, Aug. 5, 1817.

Mr Aretas Loomis A.B. of Southampton, offered himself to be examined for a license to preach the Gospel. The Association having duly examined him as to literary attainments, his knowledge of the doctrines of grace, his regular standing in the church, his experimental acquaintance with the truth and his motives in desiring to preach the gospel, and obtaining full satisfaction on all these points.

Voted unanimously: that they approve of Mr. Loomis as a candidate for the Gospel Ministry; and they do hereby recommend him as such to the employment of the Churches as a preacher of God, our Savior.

Nathan Perkins

Joseph Lymon, Mod. Association

At a meeting of the Hampshire Central Association held
at the dwelling-house of Rev. Brock Hale in Westhampton, Mass.
Oct. 1817.

Mr. Aaron Lincoln A. B. of Southampton, offered himself to
be examined for a license to preach the Gospel. The Association
after having duly examined him as to literary attainments, his
knowledge of the doctrines of grace, his regular standing in
the church, his experimental acquaintance with the truth and
his motives in desiring to preach the Gospel, and sustaining
full satisfaction on all these points.
Voted unanimously: That they approve of Mr. Lincoln's
candidate for the Gospel Ministry; and they do hereby recom-
mend him as such to the enjoyment of the Churches as a preach-
er of God, our Savior.

Witness my hand

Joseph Lyman, Secy. Association

At a meeting of the Hampshire Central Association at the dwelling house of Rev. Experience Porter in Belchertown on the 1st Tuesday of May 1818

Were present:

Rev. Messrs. Rufus Wells	Experience Porter
Joseph Lyman, D.D.	James Taylor
Enoch Hale	Aaron Gates
Joel Hays	John Woodbridge
Nathan Perkins, Jr.	Joel Wright

Rev. Joseph Lyman, D.D. was chosen Moderator, and opened the Association with Prayer.

A Communication was then made by the Committee of the Trustees of the Hampshire Missionary Society, stating that they had appointed M^r Aretas Loomis of Southampton to labor as a Missionary in the County of Randolph and vicinity in Virginia; that he has accepted the Appointment, and that in their opinion it would contribute to the Success of his Mission if he should previously receive Ordination at this Meeting; provided upon due examination he should be found to possess the necessary qualifications:

Whereupon it was voted, that the Association agree to act upon the request of the Committee of the Trustees, and resolve itself into an ordaining Council (Rev. W^m Sylvester Woodbridge was invited to sit and act in the Council).

Mr. Loomis then exhibited testimonials of his regular standing in the Church and of his licence to preach the Gospel which were satisfactory; the Council then proceeded to examine him with respect to his motives in entering upon the work of the Ministry, his experimental acquaintance with the truths, and his knowledge

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the
General Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South,
held at the residence of Rev. J. H. H. in New York on the

1st Tuesday of May 1818

Were present:

Rev. Messrs. John Wells	James Taylor
Joseph Lyman, D.D.	Arthur Carter
Joseph Hale	John Woodbridge
Joel Lusk	Joel Wright
William Perkins, Jr.	

Rev. Joseph Lyman, D.D. was chosen Moderator, and opened

the Association with Prayer.

A Communication was then made by the Committee of the Trustees
of the Executive Committee, stating that they had
appointed Mr. Arthur Carter of New York to labor as a Missionary
in the County of Randolph and vicinity in Virginia; that he
had accepted the appointment, and that in their opinion it would
contribute to the success of his Mission. It was then
resolved that at this meeting, provided upon due examination

him he should be found to possess the necessary qualifications;
whereupon it was voted, that the Association agree to accept
upon the request of the Committee of the Trustees, and resolve
itself into an Executive Council (Rev. W. Woodbridge
was invited to sit and act in the Council).

Mr. Lyman then exhibited testimonials of his regular standing
in the Church and of his license to preach the Gospel which
were satisfactory, the Council then proceeded to examine him with
respect to his motives in entering upon the work of the Ministry.
His experiential acquaintance with the truth, and his knowledge

and belief of the doctrines of Christianity; and having received full satisfaction on these points:

Voted unanimously that they approve of his qualifications, and will proceed to his ordination in the Meeting-house tomorrow at 2 o'clock P.M.

The several parts of the Ordination Service were assigned as follows, viz:

- Rev. Enoch Hale to lead in introductory prayer
- " Sylvester Woodbridge to preach the sermon
- " Joseph Lyman, D.D. to offer consecrating prayer
- " Rufus Wells to give charge
- " John Woodbridge to present right hand of Fellowship
- " Joel Hays, to offer concluding prayer.

Wednesday, May 6. The Council repaired to the meeting house at 2 o'clock P.M. and the Rev. Aretas Loomis was ordained as a minister of the gospel as an Evangelist, according to the foregoing vote. The Gentlemen officiated, on the occasion to whom the several parts were assigned.

Attest James Taylor

Joseph Lyman

Scribe pro Tem

Mod^{er}

and belief of the doctrine of Christianity; and having received
full satisfaction on these points:

Voted unanimously that they approve of his qualifications,
and will proceed to his ordination in the Meeting-house here-
at at 2 o'clock P.M.

The several parts of the Ordination Service were assigned
as follows, viz:

- Rev. Amos A. Hale to lead in introductory prayer
- * Sylvester Woodbridge to preach the sermon
- * Joseph Lyman, D.D. to offer consecrating prayer
- * Rufus W. Hale to give charge
- * John Woodbridge to present right hand of fellowship
- * Joel Hays, to offer concluding prayer.

Wednesday, May 31. The Council repaired to the meeting-house
at 2 o'clock P.M. and the Rev. Amos A. Hale was ordained as a
minister of the Gospel as an Evangelist, according to the for-
going vote. The Conference participated, on the occasion to whom
the several parts were assigned.

James Taylor Joseph Lyman
Moderator Secretary

Copy of Call to work
among lower congregations
in Tygert's Valley, 1820

At a meeting of the electors of the lower congregation in Tygert's Valley, held, according to public notice, at the usual place of public worship, on Monday the 13th of March 1820, for the purpose of electing a pastor, Nicholas Marsteller was chosen Moderator of the meeting.

Revd. Aretas Loomis was unanimously elected pastor of said congregation.

Mr. Daniel McLean, Elder of the congregation and Mr. Frederick Trantwine were appointed a committee to prepare and subscribe a call in behalf of the congregation, and agreeably to their subscriptions to be presented to the Red-Stone Presbytery, for the said Rev. Aretas Loomis, as pastor of this congregation, to devote one fourth part of his ministerial labors to their spiritual concerns.

Nicholas Marsteller

Moderator

Copy of Call to work
among lower congregations
in Tyger's Valley, 1920

At a meeting of the elders of the lower congregation in
Tyger's Valley, held, according to public notice, at the usual
place of public worship, on Monday the 13th of March 1920, for
the purpose of electing a pastor, Nicholas Warfield was con-
sidered Moderator of the meeting.

Rev. Arden Loomis was unanimously elected pastor of
said congregation.

Mr. Daniel McLean, Elder of the congregation and Mr.
Frederick Tschelina were appointed a committee to prepare and
circulate a call in behalf of the congregation, and previously
to their subscriptions to be presented to the Red-Cross Free-
system, for the said Rev. Arden Loomis, as pastor of this
congregation, to devote one fourth part of his ministerial
labors to their spiritual concerns.

Nicholas Warfield
Moderator

Tygert's Valley Call

The lower congregation of Tygert's Valley, Randolph County, Va., being on sufficient grounds satisfied of the ministerial qualifications of you, Rev. Aretas Loomis and having good hopes from their past experience of your labors, that your ministrations in the gospel will be profitable to their spiritual interests, do earnestly call and desire you, to undertake the pastoral office in said congregation; promising you, in the discharge of your duty, all proper support, encouragement and obedience in the Lord: And that you may be free from worldly cares and avocations, we hereby, by the appointment and in behalf of said congregation, promise and oblige ourselves to pay to you annually, for one fourth part of your ministerial labors, the sum of one hundred dollars in regular semi annual payments, during the time of your being and continuing the regular pastor of this Church.

In testimony whereof, we have, by the appointment and in behalf of said congregation subscribed our names, this twenty eighth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty.

Daniel M^cLean

Frederick Trantwine

Tyner's Valley Cal

The lower congregation of Tyner's Valley, Randolph County, N.C., being on sufficient grounds satisfied of the ministerial qualifications of you, Rev. Amos Jones and having good hopes from their past experience of your labors, that your ministrations in the gospel will be profitable to their spiritual interests, do earnestly call and desire you, to undertake the pastoral office in said congregation; promising you, in the discharge of your duty, all proper support, encouragement and obedience in the Lord: And that you may be free from worldly cares and anxieties, we hereby, by the appointment and in behalf of said congregation, promise and oblige ourselves to pay to you annually, for one fourth part of your ministerial labors, the sum of one hundred dollars in regular semi annual payments, during the time of your being and continuing the regular pastor of this Church. In testimony whereof, we have, by the appointment and in behalf of said congregation authorized our messrs, this twenty eighth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty.

Daniel K. Jones

Frederick T. Jones

In 1820 Rev. Aretas Loomis, a Presbyterian minister, located in Tygert's Valley, Randolph County, where he organized the first Presbyterian Church and erected the house of worship at or near Huttonsville. Here religious services were held until the Civil War, when the building was destroyed by Federal Troops. A few years later another meeting house was erected near the head of the valley.

Myers' History of West Virginia
Vol. II, New Martinsville, W.Va., 1915
xliii Churches in West Virginia

In 1820 Rev. James Hooton, a Presbyterian minister,
located in Tygart's Valley, Randolph County, where he organ-
ized the first Presbyterian Church and erected the house of
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were held until the Civil War, when the building was destroyed
by Federal Troops. A few years later another meeting house
was erected near the head of the valley.

Myers, History of West Virginia
Vol. II, New Marlinton, W. Va., 1907
XIII Churches in West Virginia

LETTERS

of

REV. ARETAS LOOMIS

and his wife

SARAH GOODMAN LOOMIS

written to

NANCY LOOMIS

whose savings helped send her brother

Aretas through Williams College

LETTERS

OF

REV. ARTHUR LOMIE

and his wife

SARAH GOODMAN LOMIE

written to

NANCY LOMIE

whose savings helped send her brother

Arthur through Williams College

"AUNT NANCY"

Nancy Loomis, born September 13, 1782

died July 31, 1869

"Too busy and useful to marry, a faithful and unwearied nurse in illness, honest and industrious, frugal and pains-taking, her small wages were hoarded to help a gifted brother, Aretas, to a liberal education."

All his life long, this brother wrote to her, wherever he might be, letters that might make it possible for her to follow his pleasures and problems. These letters, carefully preserved by this same sister Nancy, form the background of this narrative. After her brother's death, two years before her own, his children continued to write to her in Southamton, Massachusetts.

"ABOUT KATHY"

Kathy Jacobs, born September 12, 1922

died July 21, 1989

"Too busy and useful to marry, a faithful and unswerving
nurse in illness, honest and industrious, frugal and pain-
taking, her small wages were hoarded to help a gifted brother,
Frederic, to a liberal education."

All his life long, this brother wrote to her, whenever
he might be, letters that might make it possible for her to
follow his pleasure and profession. These letters, carefully
preserved by this same sister Kathy for the last part of
this narrative. After her brother's death, two years be-
fore her own, his children continued to write to her in
Boston, Massachusetts.

By October, 1818, the evangelist had begun his mission, to Randolph County, Virginia, and a year later, had found a home for his bride, Sarah Goodman. Her letter to his sister Nancy, in the following spring, is the first record of their life there together. Large, yellow, stiff sheets, folded so that one side carried the address; instead of a stamp, "Free, A-L-postmaster" in the upper righthand corner. The letters themselves give clearer pictures of the place and time than any rewriting can.

March 31, 1820

Huttonsville, Va.

"Aretas and myself set out for Bath County, his thirty mile station. We passed apple trees that had budded and leaved out considerably but we have had snow since then. The weather has been delightful since the 12th of the present month. The face of nature now wears a pleasing aspect, grass is forward, fruit trees are all in bloom. The people all make gardens, we have lettuce, peas, and radishes come up in ours."

Writing a few days later, to his brother Shem, her husband describes this garden more in detail.

May 30, 1820

Huttonsville, Va.

"I must inform you that I am laying it (my garden) out with considerable taste. It is situated north of our cabin and also east, lying in the form of an "L". Our cabin being low, does

By October, 1918, the evangelist had begun his mission, so
 Kentucky County, Virginia, and a year later, had found a home
 for his wife, Sarah Gooden. Her father, the elder Henry,
 in the following spring, is the first record of their life there
 together. Large, yellow, white shelled, folded so that one side
 carried the other, indicated of a stamp, "Free, A-B-Postmaster"
 in the upper right-hand corner. The letters themselves give
 clearer picture of the place and time than any recording can.

March 21, 1920

Huttonsville, Va.

"Arrested and myself set out for Bath County, his thirty mile
 station. We passed again across that had added and passed out
 considerably but we have had some since then. The weather has
 been delightful since the 15th of the present month. The face
 of nature now wears a pleasing aspect, grass is forward. This
 scene are all in bloom. The people all work gardens, we have
 lettuce, peas, and radishes come up in order."

Writing a few days later, to his brother Sam, his husband
 described this garden more in detail.

May 20, 1920

Huttonsville, Va.

"I just inform you that I am laying it (my garden) out with
 considerable taste. It is situated north of our cabin and also
 east, being in the form of an 'L'. Our cabin being low, does

does not injure it by shading. The ground is rich and mellow; my principal taste in garden-making is exhibited in the part lying north of our house. I have one broad aisle across the west end, one next the fence on the north side, and one down through the middle; also one on the south side, extending as far as our cabin. On either side of this center broad alley, I have made three beds, in all six; three of these are sown with onions, excepting a few red peppers on one end; one of them is sown with beets and carrots and two have nothing in them. I expect tomorrow to fill them with parsnips, lettuce, parsley, sage, and pinks.

"We lent our large iron kettle this spring to Mr. Hutton to boil sugar in, and today he presented us with a large cake of sugar for the rent. I should think that it might weigh 6 or 8 pounds."

In March 1820, the lower congregation of Tygert's showed their approval of the Evangelist's service by a formal "call" and agreement. "That you may be free from worldly cares and avocations, we hereby, by the appointment and in behalf of said congregation, promise and oblige ourselves to pay to you annually, for one fourth of your ministerial labors, the sum of one hundred dollars, in regular semi-annual payments during the time of your being and continuing the regular pastor of this church." This new work, however, does not seem to interfere with his own village responsibilities.

does not injure it by shading. The ground is rich and mellow, my principal taste in garden-making is exhibited in the part lying north of our house. I have one broad aisle across the seat and, one next the fence on the north side, and one down through the middle; also one on the south side, extending as far as our cabin. On either side of this center broad aisle, I have made three beds, in all six; three of these are sown with onions, and cooking a few red peppers on one end; one of them is sown with beets and carrots and two have nothing in them. I expect to sow the to fill them with parsnips, lettuce, parsley, sage, and yucca. We have our large iron kettle this morning to Mr. Hutton to boil sugar in, and today he presented us with a large cake of sugar for the tent. I should think that it might weigh 5 or 6 pounds."

In March 1830, the lower congregation of Tuxford's church their approval of the Evangelist's services by a formal "call" and agreement. "That you may be free from worldly cares and avocations, we hereby, by the appointment and in behalf of said congregation, promise and oblige ourselves to pay to you annually, for one fourth of your ministerial labors, the sum of one hundred dollars, in regular semi-annual payments during the time of your being and continuing the regular pastor of this church." This new work, however, does not seem to interfere with his own village responsibilities.

May 17, 1820

Huttonsville, Va.

"Our sacrament season is next Lord's Day. We look forward to it with interest. We expect a meeting on friday, saturday, sunday, and monday. This is the presbyterian rule. I expect to preach myself on friday, and am expecting the assistance of brother Brooks on saturday and sunday. The house we meet in on sabbath in Huttonsville is so small that the people cannot be properly accommodated in it at the time. If the day is pleasant, we shall go under the shade not far from our house. It is a customary thing in this western region on similar occasions. They make what is here called a big meeting by having preaching 3 or 4 days in succession.

- - - - -

"In our cabin, on Wednesday, I have more than 20 children for catechising. I spend between 2 and 3 hours with them."

At the close of this letter, as in most of those to his sister Nancy, comes the record of his garden's disaster.

"Our corn, beans, potatoes have been cut down by the frost. The wind for 2 or 3 days has been whistling here like winter."

The next letter, May 24, 1820 (he marks it as the 65th letter written since coming to Virginia in October 1818) is a full record of his increasing work in his home and parish.

May 17, 1880
Huntsville, Va.

"Our arrangement is now made. We look forward to it with interest. We expect a meeting on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. This is the Presbyterian rule. I expect to preach myself on Friday, and am expecting the assistance of other brethren on Saturday and Sunday. The house we meet in on Sabbath in Huntsville is so small that the people cannot be properly accommodated at the time. If the day is pleasant, we shall go under the shade not far from our house. It is a noteworthy thing in this western region on all these occasions. They make what is here called a big meeting by having preaching 2 or 3 days in succession.

"In our cabin, on Wednesday, I have more than 50 children for catechizing. I spend between 2 and 3 hours with them."

At the close of this letter, as in most of those in his

elder Henry, comes the record of his garden's disaster.

"Our corn, beans, potatoes have been cut down by the frost.

The wind for 2 or 3 days has been whistling here like winter."

The next letter, May 24, 1880 (he marks it as the 25th

letter written since coming to Virginia in October 1878) is a

full record of his increasing work in his home and parish.

Huttonsville, May 24, 1820

Randolph County, Virginia

"My labors here are arduous, but hitherto God has granted me strength to go through with them without injury to my health. My preaching stations are so scattered that I am under the necessity of riding a great part of the time, so that I cannot devote as much time to study as I would wish. I do not spend much time in idleness and hope that while I am favored with health, I shall never feel disposed idly to waste time. It is too precious to be lost, My garden is all the land I attempt to till. A few hens, two horses, and one cow are all the animals we have to require our attention. The pasture in which the cow is, lies within a few rods of our house. Our garden only intervenes. Our cow, which is of middling size, and said to be good for milk, cost 15 dollars. We intend getting a pig soon, and that will complete our stock."

Richmond, Va. 22, 1892
Salem, Va.

"My father here was anxious, and I have not been granted
the strength to go through with them without injury to my health.
My pressing relations are so scattered that I am under the nec-
essity of riding a great part of the time, so that I cannot de-
vote as much time to study as I would wish. I do not spend
much time in idleness and hope that while I am favored with
health, I shall never feel disposed idly to waste time. It is
too precious to be lost. My garden is all the time I attempt to
fill. A few hens, two horses, and one cow are all the animals
we have to require our attention. The pasture in which the cow
is, lies within a few rods of our house. Our garden only in-
tervenes. Our cow, which is of middling size, and said to be
good for milk, cost 15 dollars. We intend getting a pig soon,
and that will complete our stock."

The rest of this letter describes the sacrament, and shows the earnest work being done among the communicants, now increased from 9 to 15 in number.

"Not a communicant appeared unmoved and many of the spectators were affected to tears. Had I witnessed in New England the same external appearance, I should have drawn the conclusion that an awakening had commenced. But I consider it my duty to state that the same conclusions cannot be drawn from external appearances in this country, that may be drawn in New England. Though I could hope in all cases for the best, yet I would express also my fears, that many of the feelings excited in the spectators were momentary, and occasioned by the novelty of the scene."

The prayer, sermon, remarks, and "explaining" took three hours. Before the service of the sacrament itself, the nature of the ordinance was made clear and the account of its institution was read from Corinthians or one of the Evangelists. Those excluded by God's word, were pointed out and those persons suitable to "come to the gospel feast" were invited to partake.

"Notice was then given that while the hymn was singing, the communicants might take seats at the table. A long, narrow table is set and covered with a cloth, and at one end the elements are placed. So many as can be accommodated at one table take their seats. After the table is filled, the ordinance is administered by such remarks relative to the occasion as are

The text of this letter describes the sacrament, and shows
the earnest work being done among the communicants, now in-
crease from 2 to 15 in number.

"But a sacrament appeared unusual and many of the specta-
tors were attracted to it. And I witnessed in New England
the same external appearance. I should have drawn the conclusion
that an awakening had commenced. But I remember it my duty to
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press also my fears, that many of the feelings excited in the
spectators were momentary, and occasioned by the novelty of the
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before the service of the sacrament itself. The nature
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ble is set and covered with a cloth, and at one end the elements
are placed. So many as can be accommodated at one table take
their seats. After the table is filled, the ordinance is ad-
ministered by each pastor relative to the occasion as are

judged expedient, a blessing implored on the bread, and a part of it broken into large pieces. Unleavened bread is used. It is baked into thin flat cakes, and cut partly through into strips before it is baked. The minister breaks these strips apart, takes one of the strips, breaks it in two, and while repeating the words of our Lord, hands one piece to the communicant at his right hand, and the other to the communicant at his left hand. The individuals break from the piece each one what he sees fit to receive, and hands the piece to the one who sits next him; and so on till the piece is expended. The elders move the plate of bread along down the table and the individuals take from it as they need. The minister continues his remarks without cessation till the cup is delivered to each side of the table. The second table follows the same order of ministration."

Again in July of that same year, he goes to Bath County, Head of Greenbriar, another of his stations "to preach and administer sacrament" to the chosen members of that church.

The July letters are full of the sickness prevailing up and down the valley. As both post-riders are ill, no mail of any kind reached Huttonsville. It has been hard enough to wait the regular month for home mail, but this lengthened silence, added to the anxiety of illness, is a real affliction. His school and Wednesday class are broken up and all regular pastoral work set aside in caring for the sick. Having some knowledge of medicine he acts rather as a doctor than a minister. By September, however, the distemper has passed and he writes that

he "spoke and administered sacrament at Clover Lick, preaching for three and three quarters hours without intermission, except for singing. Was fatigued." (Small wonder!)

One more letter in 1820, written by Sarah Loomis to her sister, gives the gayer side of their life. After reminding her that "it is now a year since I entered the solemn engagement of matrimony," she describes a Dutch wedding recently attended:

"I rode in the wagon with Mr Loomis 10 miles down the river to attend a Dutch wedding. We arrived at 2 P.M. found a house full of old and young, men and maidens impatiently waiting. We had not been seated 5 minutes before the company was called together. Mr Loomis was requested to seat himself in one corner of the room, when the groom and bride were led out by waiters; the groom and his man first, the bride and her maid followed after, taking their stand at the groom's left hand. The company, crowding after, completely cornered Mr. L., groom, bride, and waiters into one corner where their nuptials were solemnized in about 5 minutes. They immediately retired into an adjoining room, each one hastening to salute them first. Dinner was soon served up which consisted of a great variety as baked beef, baked fowl, chickens, pies, wheat bread, and biscuits, pies of different sorts, sauces of all kinds, and to crown the whole, great platters of bacon and cabbage which most of them preferred before any other dish. One thing more I would mention. The groom and waiter were seated at the head of the table. The bride and her waiter at the foot.

The "spoke and wheel" arrangement of the table, especially for three and three quarters hours without interruption, except for sitting, was fatiguing. (Small wonder!)

The date latter in 1888, written by Sarah Loomis to her sister, gives the proper side of the story. After reading her most "it is not a year since I entered the solemn engagement of matrimony," she describes a Dutch wedding recently attended:

"I rode in the wagon with Mr. Loomis to Alice down the river to attend a Dutch wedding. We arrived at 2 P.M. found a house full of old and young, men and women, impatiently waiting. We had not been seated 5 minutes before the company was called together. Mr. Loomis was requested to seat himself in one corner of the room, where the groom and bride were to stand by waiter; the groom and his man first, the bride and her maid followed after, taking their stand at the groom's left hand. The company, crowding after, completely surrounded Mr. Loomis, groom, bride, and waiters into one corner where their nuptials were solemnized in about 5 minutes. They immediately retired into an adjoining room, each one bestirring to make them first. There was soon served up which consisted of a great variety of baked beef, baked fowl, chicken, pie, wheat bread, and so on, also of different sorts, candies of all kinds, and so on the whole, great quantities of bread and cake which most of them preferred before any other dish. One thing more I would mention. The groom and waiter were seated at the head of the table. The bride and her waiter at the foot.

By January of the following year, changes have come in the home. An eleven-year-old girl has been called in to help, and to stay with Mrs. Loomis while her husband is away on his two and three weeks' visits to his different stations.

January 9, 1821

"If you wish to view us in our family capacity, picture to yourself a good fire; in the center before it, a high candlestand on one side of which I set writing, and on the other Mrs. L., making me a shirt; by the side of her, our little girl (Nancy Bradley helper) sewing on some old muslins, and by the side of me a cradle in which lies your little nephew Aretas in a sound and sweet sleep."

Either the work has so increased that there is less time for writing, or the years have scattered those letters written. Whatever the reason, the letters of the next two years are few and comparatively brief, probably because of his father's death in 1821.

April 19, 1821

"Yesterday, it snowed most of the day, and was snowing quite hard last night at 9 o'clock. This morning is fair and pleasant but cold. The snow at sunrise this morning was an inch deep. The ground was so warm as to melt most of the snow as it came. Night before last, my wife's dish cloth froze in the corner. I had begun this week to make my garden but this snowstorm has obliged me to quit it.

By January of the following year, however, there was no more news. An eleven-year-old girl has been called in to help, and to stay with Mrs. Jackson while her husband is away on his two and three weeks' visits to his distant station.

January 9, 1881

"If you wish to view us in our family capacity, please to yourself a good story; in the center before it, a high and distant on one side of which I sat writing, and on the other Mrs. ... sitting on a chair; by the side of her, our little girl (Nancy Bradley's daughter) sewing on some old material, and by the side of her a cradle in which lies your little nephew Aramis in a sound and sweet sleep."

With the work was no increased that there is less time for writing, or the years have scattered those letters which, whatever the reason, the letters of the past two years are few and comparatively brief, probably because of his father's death in 1881.

April 19, 1881

"Yesterday, it snowed most of the day, and was snowing since midnight last night at 9 o'clock. This morning is fair and pleasant but cold. The snow at sunrise this morning was an inch deep. The ground was so warm as to melt most of the snow as it came. Right before last, my wife's dish cloth froze in the corner. I had begun this week to make my garden but this snowstorm has obliged me to quit it."

"I have now a tailor in the house making my surtout. He will charge me 3 dollars. I have not had it on yet and do not know how it will set. He is not a very fast workman; but I believe does his work very well. Pantaloons we cut and make ourselves."

May 22, 1821

Huttonsville, Va.

"Last sabbath was our communion season in this place. Brother Brooks was present and assisted on the occasion. Our meeting was full and solemn. Our church now consists of 29 members."

March 27, 1822

"We still dwell in our little cabin practically by ourselves. We have now no one living with us. A smart little girl of eleven comes in and stays with Mrs. L. when I am gone overnight. I suppose that she is sometimes rather lonesome but that makes her the more glad to see me when I return. We are never lonesome when our little family are all at home together. A small domestic circle is usually more pleasant than a large one. Indeed that bustle and confusion of a very large family is generally disagreeable. I have always found it so whenever I have boarded in such families.

"I have not done much yet in the garden. I sowed a short time since a bed of lettuce which has come up finely. Our caraway bed looks green and flourishing. I think that we shall have some to spare. Our sage roots, I fear, have all died this

"I have now a father in the house looking after me
will charge me 3 dollars. I have not had it on yet and do not
know how it will act. He is not a very fast worker; but I
believe does his work very well. I am not sure we can do more
ourselves."

May 22, 1881
Missesville, Va.

"Last Sabbath was our communion season in this place.
Brother Bruns was present and assisted on the occasion. Our
meeting was full and solemn. Our church now consists of 29
members."

March 27, 1882

"We still dwell in our little cabin practically by our-
selves. We have now no one living with us. A smart little
girl of eleven comes in and stays with Mr. L. when I am gone
overnight. I suppose that she is sometimes rather inquisitive
but that makes her the more glad to see me when I return. We
are never lonely when our little family are all at home to-
gether. A small domestic circle is usually more pleasant than
a large one. Indeed that quiet and contentment of a very large
family is generally disagreeable. I have always found it so
whenever I have boarded in such families.
I have not done much yet in the garden. I sowed a short
time since a bed of lettuce which has come up finely. Our car-
away bed looks green and flourishing. I think that we shall
have some to spare. Our sage roots, I fear, have all died this

winter. There have been so many partial thaws that it set hard upon them. Our bed of camomile has also died; and sad to relate, Mrs. L's pinks and her violets have shared the same fate."

Mrs. Loomis certainly is lonesome in spite of the "smart little girl" to keep her company in her husband's absence. In answering most welcome letters from brothers and sisters she does not attempt to hide her feelings.

September 29, 1822

Huttonsville, Va.

"Nothing but frequent communications from them (her family) and the love of God in our hearts could render this mountainous region any ways desirable. Your brother Aretas set out for synod yesterday afternoon. I expect that he will be absent for two weeks or more. Aretas is well, littering up the place with his play things."

The next year her husband's letters, too, begin to show dissatisfaction with his accomplishments.

January 14, 1823

Huttonsville, Va.

"It is still a dull, stupid time here. There is more anxiety about strengthening religious parties than the salvation of souls. The inquiry seems rather who will become a methodist, a baptist, or a presbyterian.

"I have now been here, including my missions, about four years and a half; but how little good I have done. Though some

There have been no very serious things that I feel
about. Our bed of course has also died; but not so
late, Mrs. L's illness and her visits have shared the same fate.

Mr. Loomis certainly is somewhat in spite of the "new
little girl" to keep her company in her husband's absence. In
answering most welcome letters from brothers and sisters she
does not attempt to hide her feelings.

September 28, 1883

Hudsonville, Va.

"Nothing but pleasant communications from them (her family)
and the love of God in our hearts could render this correspondence
region any way desirable. Your brother Alfred set out for
yesterday afternoon. I expect that he will be absent for
two weeks or more. Alfred is well, stirring up the place with
his gay things."

The next year her husband's letters, too, begin to show
disaffection with his acquaintances.

January 18, 1883

Hudsonville, Va.

"It is still a dull, stupid time here. There is more
anxiety about strengthening religious parties than the salva-
tion of souls. The lady seems rather who will become a
methodist, a baptist, or a presbyterian.
"I have now seen here, including my mission, about four
years and a half; but now I'll go. I have done. Though some

little external reformation is visible, and here and there one has, I trust, turned to God, yet I seem to labor almost in vain, and to spend strength for nought."

Still, Mr. Loomis has begun to build a larger cabin, and has leased the land for twenty years, with the arrangement that he can sell the house if desires to leave, to the owner of the land. In this same April 14 letter, he gives some of the details of the building. "Last Monday, my mason came resumed the building of my chimney. I have been obliged to be present considerable part of the week to direct work respecting my oven. He has never before built a chimney with an oven in it. The people in this country for the most part do their baking in bake-kettles. The few who have ovens have them built out doors 2 or 3 rods from their houses with a small shelter over them. I am expecting to introduce new fashions among them."

The cabin with its oven, must have been completed in time to welcome the arrival of the second son, Elihu, in October of this same year.

little external decoration is visible and there are
no, I repeat, turned to God, yet I see in their almost in vain,
and I cannot strength for myself."

Will, Mr. Lincoln has begun to build a larger one, and
has leased the land for twenty years, with the agreement that
he can sell the house if desired to leave, to the owner of the
land. In this case April 1st better, he gives some of the de-
tails of the building. "Last Monday, my house was removed
the building of my chimney. I have been obliged to be present
considerable part of the week to direct work connected with it.
He has never before built a chimney with an oven in it. The
people in the country for the most part do still taking in
bake ovens. The few who have ovens have them built and used
2 or 3 rods from their houses with a small shelter over them.
I am accustomed to find some new fashions among them."

The cabin with its oven, most have been completed in time
to witness the arrival of the second son, Eliza, in October of
this year.

LETTERS FROM CASTLETON, VERMONT

LETTERS FROM CASTLETON, NEWCASTLE

October 4th 1827

Castleton, Vermont

Dear Sister Nancy,

I came here about the middle of May and staid 14 wks. I then visited my family in Greenfield and was with them 2 weeks. I did not feel that I could spend any of that two weeks in going to Southampton. I returned to this place 4 weeks ago. I am engaged here 6 weeks longer. Castleton is a pleasant village containing about 15 or 16 hundred inhabitants. The church about 170 members. There is a very flourishing academy here. Also a medical school at which there are at this time about 100 medical students. It is in operation only three months in the year. Castleton was settled originally from Connecticut principally. It is one of the most pleasant villages in all Vermont. Five lawyers reside here, one of whom is a member of the church. Mr. Elihu Smith was dismissed last fall from this people after having preached here 22 or 23 years. His family are still here. He is now at Plainfield, Mass. assisting Mr. Hallock in a revival. He was originally from Granby, Mass. There was considerable bluster about his dismissal, there being a very strong party who was unwilling to let him go. The party feelings have not yet subsided. There appears to me to be but little probability that they will be sufficiently united among themselves to settle anybody at present. I cannot however foretell what will be the result. ——— When I had been here three months, I was on the point of leaving them, but they urged me to stay

October 4th 1937
Castleton, Vermont

Dear Sister Nancy,

I came here about the middle of May and stayed 14 days. I then visited my family in Greenfield and was with them 2 weeks. I did not feel that I could spend any of that time with them in going to Greenfield. I returned to this place 4 weeks ago. I am engaged here 6 weeks longer. Castleton is a pleasant village containing about 15 or 16 hundred inhabitants. The church has 150 members. There is a very flourishing academy here. Also a medical school at which there are at this time about 100 medical students. It is in operation only three months in the year. Castleton was settled originally from Connecticut and is one of the most pleasant villages in all Vermont. There is a large hotel here; one of them is a member of the church. Mr. John Smith was dismissed last fall from this people after having preached here 22 or 23 years. His family are still here. He is now at Plainfield, Mass. assisting Mr. Hallack in a revival. He was originally from Grand, Mass. There was considerable discussion about his dismissal, there being a very strong party who was unwilling to let him go. The party feeling have not yet subsided. There appears to me to be but little probability that they will be sufficiently united among themselves to settle anybody at present. I cannot however foretell what will be the result. When I had been here three months, I was on the point of leaving them, but they urged me to stay.

three more and I at last thought it my duty to comply. Whether I shall leave here in Nov. or stay here through the winter is uncertain. My settlement here, unless I stay all winter is to me improbable. The Lord's will be done.

I attended the ordination of Messrs. Green and Clark, last Wednesday at Brandon about 16 or 17 miles from here. They were ordained as missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, and expect to sail in November. They are two interesting young men who left Andover this fall. — Their wives were with them. To see four youth thus relinquishing their homes and friends and all which is dear in a native land, to go far hence to the Gentiles ready to be offered, to spend and be spent in the service of their Savior was calculated to call up all the tender feelings of the soul and excite the supplication for heaven's blessings upon them."

(Rev. Green is to speak at Castleton the next Sunday in an attempt to stir up Missionary spirit in a town of wealth seemingly "rather behind in promotion of benevolent objects")

"My health has been gradually improving ever since I left Va. I am now quite comfortable though not free from pain during any day. Sometimes I preach three sermons on the Sabbath, though this is rather too much. My health is much better than I expected, a year and a half ago, it would be. I feel more and more that the Lord must direct my steps.

"It is indeed no small trial to me to be separated month after month from a family I hold dear. I long to be with them

three more and I at last thought it my duty to accept. Whether I shall stay here in Nov. or stay here through the winter is uncertain. My next home here, unless I stay all winter is to be somewhere. The Lord's will be done.

I attended the ordination of Messrs. Green and Clark, last Wednesday at 11 o'clock about 10 or 12 others from here. They were ordained as assistants to the Sabbath School, and except to call in November. They are two interesting young men who left their wives with them. To see their youth thus relinquishing their homes and friends and all which is dear in a native land, is a far more to the Christian than to be offered, to spend and be spent in the service of their God. It was calculated to call up all the tender feelings of the soul and excite the imagination for heaven's blessings upon them.

(Rev. Green is to accept of a call to the pastorate Sunday in an attempt to fill the vacancy which is a loss of wealth especially in the needed in promotion of benevolent objects.)

"My health has been gradually improving ever since I left. I am now quite comfortable though not free from pain during my day. Sometimes I preach three sermons on the Sabbath, though this is rather too much. My health is much better than I expected, a year and a half ago, it would be. I feel more and more that the Lord must direct my steps.

It is indeed an awful trial to me to be separated from my dear family I hold dear. I hope to be with them

and assist my wife in the cares and discipline necessary in regard to my children.

"Elihu will be four the 13th of this month. He has been to school this summer. He can read easily in 'No Man' and slowly with some help in the Testament. This I call rapid improvement. Four others began with him in the letters, but he has outstripped them all. Sarah does not talk much. I have been gone so much that she hardly knows that she has a father. I have been with my family only for a short time for a whole year. I sometimes fear that I shall murmur.

June 23, 1893

At a meeting of the First Congregational Church in Colerain, Maine, held at the North River Meeting House on Thursday, June 23, 1893.

Resolved unanimously that we will unite in presenting to the Rev. Arthur Lewis a call to settle with us in the work of the general ministry and accept the pastor of this church and the society with which we are connected, reserving to ourselves and the church the privilege of at any time electing the pastoral relation by mutual consent of either party giving up the other for any cause.

DOCUMENTS AND LETTERS

CONCERNING

COLERAIN, MASSACHUSETTS

Resolved that Rev. J. J. Wilson be a committee to take known the call to settle with us in the work of the general ministry and accept the pastor of this church and the society with which we are connected, reserving to ourselves and the church the privilege of at any time electing the pastoral relation by mutual consent of either party giving up the other for any cause.

Resolved also that the said J. J. Wilson be a committee to take known the call to settle with us in the work of the general ministry and accept the pastor of this church and the society with which we are connected, reserving to ourselves and the church the privilege of at any time electing the pastoral relation by mutual consent of either party giving up the other for any cause.

Respectfully,
Richardson W. W. W.

Colerain, June 23, 1893

DOCUMENTS AND LETTERS
OF
JAMES EARL RAY
COLLECTED BY THE FBI
WASHINGTON, D.C.

At a meeting of the first Congregational Church in Colerain, convened at the North River Meeting house on Thursday the 25th of June 1829.

Voted unanimously that we will unite in presenting to the Rev. Aretas Loomis a call to settle with us in the work of the gospel ministry and become the pastor of this church and the society with which we are connected, reserving to ourselves and extending to him the privilege of at any time dissolving the pastoral relation by mutual council by either party giving to the other four months' notice of such intention.

Voted that Dea. R. Miner & Dea. J. Wilson be a committee to make known this vote to the first Congregational Society in this town, and to request them to concur with us in extending a call to the Rev. Aretas Loomis.

Voted also that the said R. Miner and J. Wilson be a committee of this church, both to present to the Rev. Aretas Loomis this call in conjunction with a committee from said society (should they concur) and to invite by letters missive an ecclesiastical council to assist in carrying into effect the objects of this call.

Richardson Miner, Moderator

Colerain, June 25, 1829

June 25, 1923

COLEMAN HALL

At a meeting of the First Congregational Church in Cole-
man, convened at the North River Meeting house on Thursday the
25th of June 1923.

Voted unanimously that we will unite in presenting to the
Rev. Arthur Loomis a call to settle with us in the work of the
evangelical ministry and become the pastor of this church and the
society with which we are connected, receiving to ourselves and
extending to him the privilege of at any time dissolving the
pastoral relation of mutual council by either party giving to
the other four months' notice of such intention.

Voted that Rev. A. Loomis & Rev. J. Wilson be a committee
to make known this vote to the First Congregational Society in
this town, and to request them to consent with us in extending a
call to the Rev. Arthur Loomis.

Voted also that the said A. Loomis and J. Wilson be a com-
mittee of this church, with no precedence to the Rev. Arthur Loomis
this call in conjunction with a committee from said society
(should they consent) and to invite by letter ministers and society
evangelical council to assist in carrying into effect the objects
of this call.

Richardson Miner, Moderator

Coleman, June 25, 1923

Colerain Call, concluded

Rev & Dear Sir

The undersigned, Committees of the First Congregational CHURCH and SOCIETY in Colerain, take leave to present you with abstracts of the records of said Church and Society, at meetings duly notified and warned and held at their meeting house in said Colerain on Thursday the twenty-fifth day of June inst. and, in the execution of the trusts confided to them, respectively take pleasure in inviting you to settle with us as the pastor and minister of said church and society, upon the terms and conditions in the several votes of the said society.

Colerain June 25, 1829

To the Rev. Aretas Loomis

RICHARDSON MINER	} Committee of the first Congregational Church in Colerain
JAMES WILSON	

MICHAEL McCLALLEN	} Committee of the first Congregational Society in Colerain
MOSES RANGER	
DAVID THOMPSON	

Colerain Cell, concluded

Rev. A. Dear Sir

The undersigned, Committee of the First Congregational Church and Society in Colerain, take leave to present you with extracts of the records of said Church and Society, at meetings duly notified and warned and held at their meeting house in said Colerain on Thursday the twenty-first day of June, and, in the execution of the trusts committed to them, respectively, the pleasure in inviting you to assist with us as the pastor and minister of said church and society, upon the terms and conditions in the several votes of the said society.

Colerain June 23, 1837

To the Rev. Amos J. Jones

Committee of the First Congregational Church in Colerain
RICHARDSON MITCHELL
JAMES WILSON

Committee of the First Congregational Society in Colerain
WILLIAM McALLISTER
MORRIS RAYNER
DAVID THORNTON

July 12, 1829

To the first Congregational Church and Society in Colerain

Dear Brethren and Friends

By a communication bearing date the 25th of June last, I have received, through the hands of your Committee, your call to settle among you in the work of the gospel ministry, and take the pastoral charge of Christ's flock in this place.

After a prayerful consideration of the subject, I am led to the conclusion that duty requires me to accept your proposition, on condition that a commission shall also be received from the missionary board, adding one hundred dollars to the annual salary you offer, in accordance both with your expectations, when you gave the call and with the encouragement given by the Secretary of the Massachusetts Missionary Society that such a commission would be granted. Should I be under the necessity of leaving the pulpit destitute two or three Sabbaths in a year either by journies or otherwise, as is frequently the case with settled ministers, I trust you will have the goodness not to consider it any infringement of contract.

In relation to the anticipated missionary aid you must feel forcibly the obligation to use every effort to relieve, in future years, the missionary board, by increasing the amount of your subscriptions and by diminishing, as fast as possible, the sum received from them.

Should an ecclesiastical Council when convened, consent to ratify our respective communications, by proceeding to my in-

July 12, 1922

LETTER TO COLLEAGUE

To the first Congregational Church and Society in Leicester

Dear Brethren and Friends

By a communication bearing date the 25th of June last,

I have received, through the hands of your Committee, your call to settle among you in the work of the Gospel Ministry, and take the pastoral charge of Christ's flock in this place.

After a thoughtful consideration of the subject, I am led to the conclusion that duty requires me to accept your proposal, on condition that a compensation shall also be received from the missionary board, adding one hundred dollars to the annual salary you offer, in accordance with your expectations, when you have the call and with the encouragement given by the Secretary of the Massachusetts Missionary Society that such a compensation would be granted. Should I be under the necessity of leaving the present position two or three months in a year either by furlough or otherwise, as is frequently the case with settled ministers, I trust you will have the goodness not to consider it any infringement of contract.

In relation to the anticipated missionary aid you must feel forcibly the obligation to use every effort to relieve, in future years, the missionary board, by increasing the amount of your contributions and by diminishing, as far as possible, the aid received from them.

Should an ecclesiastical Council when convened, consent to verify our respective communications, by proceeding to my in-

stallation as your pastor and minister, it shall be my object, divine grace assisting, to labor faithfully among you and advance your best interests. The work contemplated is great and highly responsible. To the right discharge of its important duties, I feel myself insufficient while to your best good and the advancement of Christ's kingdom in this place, I devote myself, I shall need your constant candor, and forbearance, and not unfrequently your forgiveness. Especially shall I need your fervent and unceasing prayers.

That the Lord may grant us grace to cooperate in every good work, cement our hearts in Christian love and shed down his Spirit to make truth effectual and fit you all for heaven, is the prayer of your unworthy

servant in the gospel ministry

ARETAS LOOMIS

realization as your pastor and minister, it shall be my highest
divine grace assisting, to labor faithfully among you and ad-
vance your best interests. The work contemplated is great and
highly responsible. To the right discharge of this important
duty, I feel myself insufficient while in your best good and
the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in this place, I devote
myself. I shall need your constant prayer, and fortification, and
not ungratefully your fatigues. Especially shall I need your
constant and assuring prayers.

That the Lord may grant us grace to cooperate in every
good work, cement our hearts in Christian love and shed down his
Spirit to make truth effective, and fill you all for heaven, be
the prayer of your unworthy

servant in the gospel ministry

ARTHUR LORAIN

Franklin Sq. At a legal meeting of the inhabitants of the first Congregational Parish in Colerain in said county, qualified by law to vote in parochial affairs assembled at the meeting house at North River on Thursday the twenty fifth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty nine the following business was transacted, Viz: Michael M^CClallen was chosen Mod^r.

Voted unanimously to unite with the church in presenting a call to the Rev. Aretas Loomis to settle with us in the work of the gospel ministry, reserving to ourselves and extending to him the privilege of at any time dissolving the pastoral relation by mutual Council, by either party's giving to the other four months' notice of such intentions.

Voted to give the Rev. Aretas Loomis three hundred dollars annually while he remains our minister.

Voted unanimously to raise three hundred dollars annually, for the support of the Rev. Aretas Loomis while he remains our minister, by subscription.

Voted to choose a committee of three persons, to unite with the committee chosen by the Church, in giving the Rev. Aretas Loomis a call to settle with us as our minister.

Michael M^CClellan, Moses Ranger, and David Thompson were chosen as a Committee to attend to the last mentioned business

Then voted to adjourn this meeting until the first Tuesday in August at 3 o'clock P.M. to meet at this place.

I hereby certify that the above is in substance a true copy from the Parish record.

Colerain, July 15, 1829

ASA TAYLOR, Parish Clerk

July 15, 1950

FINAL CALL TO CONGREGATION

Present in 19. At a legal meeting of the congregation of the
First Congregational Church in Colerain is held now, qualified
by law to vote in parochial affairs assembled at the meeting house
at North River on Thursday the twenty fifth day of June in the year
of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty nine and called
the business was transacted, viz: Michael T. O'Brien was chosen Moderator.
Voted unanimously to unite with the church in presenting a
call to the Rev. Arthur Loomis to settle with us in the work of
the gospel ministry, reserving to ourselves and extending to him
the privilege of at any time dissolving the pastoral relation by
mutual consent, by either party's giving to the other thirty

months' notice of such intention.

Voted to give the Rev. Arthur Loomis three hundred dollars
annually while he remains our minister.

Voted unanimously to raise three hundred dollars annually
for the support of the Rev. Arthur Loomis while he remains our
minister, by subscription.

Voted to choose a committee of three persons, to unite
with the committee chosen by the Church, in calling the Rev. Arthur
Loomis a call to settle with us as our minister.

Michael W. O'Brien, Moses Hanger, and David Thompson were
chosen as a Committee to attend to the first mentioned business.
Then voted to adjourn this meeting until the first Tuesday
in August at 3 o'clock P.M. to meet at this place.

I hereby certify that the above is in substance a true copy
from the parish record.

ASA TAYLOR, Parish Clerk

Colerain, July 15, 1950

EXTRACT FROM INSTALLATION SERVICE AT COLERAIN

At an Ecclesiastical Council convened at Colerain at Mr. Hollis Thompson's Inn, Tuesday, August 4, 1829 by letter missive from the First Congregational Church on Colerain, were present —

Cong. Ch. in Shelburne
" Ashfield
" Buckland
" Heath
" Charlemont
" Halifax
" Conway
" Greenfield

Also, on the first Congregational Society in said Colerain.

Also, Rev. Aretas Loomis's acceptance

Also one purporting to be the vote of said first Congregational Society accepting the conditions, contained in Mr. Loomis's answer to call.

Also, a Letter from the Secretary of the H.M.S. containing a copy of the Vote of the Exec. Committee of said society making an appropriation toward the support of Mr. Loomis.

Testimonials were then presented by the Rev. Aretas Loomis establishing his standing in the Christian Church and showing him to have been regularly ordained by an ecclesiastical Council as an Evangelist.

The Council then proceeded to examine Mr. Loomis as to his knowledge and belief of the Christian Fathers, his personal piety and his qualifications for the work of the gospel ministry.

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE

At an Ecclesiastical Council convened at Colerain at Mr. Hattie Thompson's house, Tuesday, August 1, 1889 by letter minutes from the First Congregational Church at Colerain, were presented --

Comp. Ch. in Colerain
 " Ashfield
 " Buckland
 " Heath
 " Cheltenham
 " Halifax
 " Conway
 " Greenfield

Also, on the First Congregational Society in said Colerain.
 Also, Rev. Amos Isaacs's response
 Also one purporting to be the vote of said First Congregational Society respecting the conditions contained in Mr. Isaacs's answer is called.

Also, a letter from the Secretary of the N.W.S. containing a copy of the Vote of the Exec. Committee of said society making an appropriation toward the support of Mr. Isaacs.

Testimonials were then presented by the Rev. Amos Isaacs attesting his standing in the Christian Church and showing his to have been regularly ordained by an ecclesiastical Council as an Evangelist.

The Council then proceeded to examine Mr. Isaacs as to his knowledge and belief of the Christian faith, his personal piety and his qualifications for the work of the Gospel ministry.

VOTE OF SOCIETY

Franklin Sq.

Colerain August 5th 1829

At an adjourned meeting of the inhabitants of the first Congregational Society in Colerain qualified to vote in parochial affairs assembled at the North River Meeting house the following business was transacted, viz:

1st Voted unanimously to accept the answer of the Rev. Aretas Loomis to our call given him of the 25 day of June now last to settle with us in the work of the Gospel ministry with the conditions therein expressed.

2nd Voted that the ministerial labors of the Rev. Aretas Loomis shall be considered to have commenced on the second Sabbath of June now last.

A true copy from the Parish records

Attest:

ASA TAYLOR } Parish Clerk

March 29.

Colorado Springs, 1929

At an adjourned meeting of the Industrial of the State
Congressional Society in Denver qualified to vote in person
which officers assembled at the North Star Meeting House the
following business was transacted, viz:

1st Voted unanimously to accept the report of the Rev.

Alvin Lewis as our only given him of the 22 day of June now
last to settle with us in the work of the Gospel ministry with
the conditions therein expressed.

2nd Voted that the ministerial leaders of the Rev. Lewis

should be considered to have commenced on the second day-

last of June now last.

A true copy from the parish records

Witness:

AND TAYLOR, Parish Clerk

LETTER OF ARETAS LOOMIS TO HIS SISTER NANCY

Colrain, Feb. 17, 1830

Family all well

Living with Mr. John Miller's family

Mrs. Miller dies

"It is solemn when death enters a house."

"We still continue to live where we did when you were here. We have quite a smart girl living with us and attending school. We never have had a better. We have also now a very fine school. Aretas is studying both Geography and Arithmetic. In Geography he is making good proficiency. He is studying Olney's which is about the size of Woodbridge's and has got about half through with it. Elihu is not quite so much engaged though he is learning pretty well. Sarah we have not sent to school. We had a most miserable school the forpart of the winter. I stood it as long as I could, and at last, after he had been in the school six weeks, I mustered up and called a meeting of the district and they turned him out. We had no school for a week and a half and then commenced again with another man who is doing well. In one other district I helped turn out another man. So our schools go.

I expect to move next April or May, should we be prospered, to the village. I have purchased Elder Austin's house and an half acre of land with it. The house you have been in I think. It is a very good and convenient and there is also a good barn

LETTER OF ARTHUR LOOMIS TO HIS BROTHER ARTHUR

Colverton, Dec. 17, 1883

Family all well

Living with Mr. John Miller's family

Mrs. Miller likes

"It is solemn when death enters a house."

"We still continue to live where we did when you were here. We have quite a smart girl living with us and attending school. We never have had a better. We have also now a very fine school. Arthur is studying both Geography and Arithmetic. In Geography he is making good progress. He is studying Quincy's which is about the size of Goodbridge's and has got about half through with it. Eliza is not quite so much engaged though she is learning the pretty well. Sarah we have not sent to school. We had a most miserable school the former of the winter. I stood it as long as I could, and at last, after he had been in the school six weeks, I mastered up and called a meeting of the district and they turned him out. We had no school for a week but a half and then commenced again with another man who is doing well. In one other district I helped turn out another man. So our schools

are

I expect to move next April or May, should we be permitted, to the village. I have purchased Elder Austin's house and am half acre of land with it. The house you have seen in I think. It is a very good and convenient and there is also a good barn

and woodhouse. I have agreed to give him \$850. Most people say that I have got it cheap but some few think it rather high. I should have preferred renting at a reasonable rate had there been any convenient place that I could have obtained. I am tired of going up and down this long hill every time I move. The house I have bought will give us plenty of room. If you or any of our friends at Southampton should visit us after the first of May, you may expect to find us in our own habitation."

Speaks of no particular change in his own church.

"In Ashfield there has been 3 or 4 months past a powerful revival of religion. It still continues. In a select school of young ladies in Buckland, taught by a Miss Lyon, there is also some excitement. We have in this town a small temperance society. In Ashfield they number about 600 names on the temperance list. Much is doing in the cause in the country now.

"They are all in usual health at Mr. Goodman's. He has been out this winter sledding wood. He is now almost 77 years old"

and neighbors. I have agreed to give him \$250.00. I have
said that I have got it money but some few think it rather high.
I should have preferred renting at a reasonable rate but there
has been any convenient place that I could have obtained. I am glad
of color up and down this long hill every time I move. The
house I have bought will give me plenty of room. It was of the
of our friends at Southampton should visit us after the first of
May. You may expect to find us in our own habitation.

Spencer of no particular change in his own choice.

"In Ashfield there has been a of a month's part a powerful
revival of religion. It still continues. In a school school at
young ladies in Ashfield, taught by a Miss Lyon, there is also
some excitement. We have in this town a small temperance society.
In Ashfield they number about 500 names on the temperance list.
Much is doing in the cause in the country now.
"They are all in good health at Mr. Goodman's. He has been
out this winter riding wood. He is now almost 70 years old."

Colerain, February 22, 1830

"Dear Sister

It is with a weak hand I sit down to address you. My health for a few days has been feeble. For the first time since you left us I have been unable to assist today about washing. I hope however to get along without the use of medicine. You know how I dread it."

He refers to many of her friends there who have enquired for her showing that she must have staid in their house some time.

Speaks of his father and sisters visiting them here.

Sleighing good but snow wasting away.

"P.S. Since writing before we have learned that the excitement in the school at Buckland has increased. About 20 have indulged hopes. Two more propounded for admission to our church yesterday.

Colerain to Southampton

Coleridge, February 22, 1830

My dear Sir

It is with a weak hand I sit down to address you. My health for a few days has been feeble. For the first time since you left us I have been unable to assist today morning. I hope however to get along without the use of medicine. You know how I dread it.

We rejoice to many of her friends there who have enquired for her hoping that she may have aided in their better state.

Speaks of his father and sisters visiting them here. Gladly glad but now waiting away.

"P.S. Since writing before we have learned that the excellent in the school at Rockland has improved. About 20 have reduced papers. Two more proposed for admission to our school yesterday."

Coleridge to Southam

Colerain 20th June 1831

"Dear Sister

I know that it will give you joy to learn that the Lord is granting us some tokens for good, even in desolate Colerain. The Lord has been pouring out his Spirit upon the baptist society in this town this past winter, and has been bringing some souls to bow. That work has seemed of late nearly to subside. But recently, the Lord has seemed to bring up another cloud of mercy and cause his grace to distil upon us. A four days' meeting was held in Shelburne the first week in June. Some of my people attended it, and I trust, with profit. I trust also that it was blessed to my own soul. There had been among us an increasing seriousness before. Since that time, the seriousness has been extending and deepening. Seven or eight have manifested hope."

(Follow names of nine people)

"We can only look and wonder and adore.

"Yesterday our meeting house was the fullest that I have ever seen upon the Sabbath in this place. We contemplate a continued meeting for 3 or 4 days, but have not decided upon the time.

Charlemont, Halifax, Shelburne, Conway, all holding continued meetings, "general awakening among ministers and churchmen in that region."

Coleridge 20th June 1831

Dear Eliza

I know that it will give you joy to learn that the Lord is
granting us some tokens for good, even in desolate Coleridge. The
Lord has been pouring out his Spirit upon the faithful assembly in
this town this past winter, and has been bringing some souls to
God. That work has seemed of late nearly to subside. But re-
cently, the Lord has seemed to bring up another flood of mercy
and caused his grace to distill upon us. A four days' meeting
was held in Sherburne the first week in June. Some of my people
attended it, and I trust, with profit. I trust also that it was
blessed to my own soul. There had been some as an interesting
experience before. Since that time, the seriousness has been
extending and deepening. Seven or eight have manifested hope."

(Follow names of nine people)

"We can only look and wonder and adore."

"Yesterday our meeting house was the fullest that I have
ever seen upon the Sabbath in this place. We corresponded a
continued meeting for 3 or 4 days, but have not tested upon
the time."

Sharon, Halifax, Sherburne, Conway, all holding con-
tinued meetings, "General awakening among ministers and church-
men in that region."

"In regard to the health of my family we are all comfortable. Mrs. Loomis is very feeble, however, much more so that she was last winter. I am quite healthy, except that I am worn down with my encreased labors. Our children are very healthy. It is generally healthy in this town.

"I wish that I might suggest to you a new medicine for your trial. A brother of Mr. Michael M^CClallen who is a physician in the state of N. York and is much celebrated as a cancer doctor, has lately been here to see him. I had an interview with him last Friday and stated to him something of your case. He seemed to think that there was much ground to believe that you might be benefitted by a new medicine which has been in use but a few years. The medicine is the tincture of iodine. Iodine is a French preparation made from seaweed, as Quinine is manufactured. Get one grain of iodine and put it into half a pint of proof spirits. Take from 10 to 20 drops at a time three times a day, before eating. It is an expensive medicine, but I hope you will try it. If they do not have it in Northampton, send to Boston. It is a very corrosive powerful medicine and will blacken your fingers if you touch it. It acts as a powerful absorbent upon the glands of the system.

Mrs. Loomis sends you her love..

Yours affectionately

ARETAS LOOMIS

"In regard to the health of my family we are all comfortable.
Mrs. Loomis is very feeble, however, much more so than she was
last winter. I am quite healthy, except that I am worn down
with my increased labors. Our children are very healthy. It is
generally healthy in this town.

"I wish that I might suggest to you a new medicine for your
trial. A brother of Mr. Michael McClellan who is a physician
in the state of N. York and is much celebrated as a cancer doc-
tor, has lately been here to see him. I had an interview with
him last Friday and stated to him something of your case. He
seemed to think that there was much ground to believe that you
might be benefited by a new medicine which has been in use but
a few years. The medicine is the essence of iodine. Iodine is
a French preparation and is first prepared, as I think is usually
done. Get one grain of iodine and put it into half a pint of
sweet spirits. Take from 15 to 20 drops at a time three times
a day, before eating. It is an expensive medicine, but I hope
you will try it. If they do not have it in Northampton, write to
Boston. It is a very powerful powerful medicine and will affect
on your fingers if you touch it. It acts on a powerful manner
and upon the glands of the system.

Mrs. Loomis sends you her love.

Yours affectionately

MICHAEL LOOMIS

RECORDS AND LETTERS

BENNINGTON, VERMONT

REVIEW OF THE RECORDS

1907

THOMAS, HENRY

Copy from records of
SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
in
BENNINGTON, VERMONT

(Forty members of the First Congregational Church in Bennington)

"Proceedings Preparatory to the organization of the Second Congregational Church in Bennington and records of doings of the Church.

"A petition signed by 40 members of the Congregational Church of Christ in Bennington, and bearing date June 17th 1835 was presented to said Church, praying that they might 'be organized into a Church to be located in the last Village' and giving the reasons for their request."

Said Petition was acted upon by the Church July 10th 1835 when the Church --

"Resolved -- That, if the above named Persons (Petitioners) shall, within one year from this date, obtain a minister of the gospel of the same faith and order as this Church, and shall regularly give him a call to settle as their Pastor and shall proceed to call an ordaining or installing Council from such churches as are in fellowship with us, and said Council shall decide in favor of organizing the above persons into a Church, and ordaining or installing their minister over them, then they shall be entitled to letters of Dismission from this Church." (See Files No.2)

"Another petition bearing date Feb.10, 1836 and signed by nineteen others requesting letters of dismission and recommendation for the purpose of being organized with the former petitioners was presented to the Church in March 1836." (See Files No 3)

JOHN FREDERICK
GENERAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
IN
BENNINGTON, VERMONT

(The records of the First Congregational Church in Bennington)

"Proceedings of the church in Bennington and records of the church of the

church.

"A petition signed by 30 members of the Congregational Church of Bennington, and bearing date June 17th 1835 was presented to said church, praying that they might be organized into a church to be located in the last village, and giving the reasons for their request."

Said petition was acted upon by the church July 10th 1835 when the church --

"Resolved -- That, if the above named persons (petitioners) shall, within one year from this date, obtain a minister of the Gospel of the same faith and order as this church, and shall regularly give him a call to settle on their pastor and shall give need to call an extraordinary council from such churches as are in fellowship with us, and said council shall decide in

favor of organizing the above persons into a church, and organizing or installing their minister over them, then they shall be entitled to letters of dismission from this church." (See Files No. 12)

"Another petition bearing date Feb. 10, 1836 and signed by thirteen others requesting letters of dismission and recommendation for the purpose of being organized with the former petitioners was presented to the church in March 1836." (See Files No. 13)

March 13, 1836, Mr. Loomis publicly read to the Church and Congregation an affirmative answer to their call. (See Files No.10)

At a meeting of the petitioners held agreeable to previous notice, April 5, 1836,

Meeting opened by prayer.

Rev. A. Loomis was appointed Moderator and J. A. French was appointed Scribe.

After much deliberation it was resolved, That the articles of faith of the First Congregational Church of Bennington, be adopted as the articles of faith of the contemplated second Congregational Church, after erasing the word sufficient in the 5th article.

Resolved, That the Covenant adopted by the said first Congregational Church be adopted by said contemplated second Congregational Church, with the following additional pledge.

Not to use or traffic in ardent spirit as a drink.

Resolved that we do now proceed to elect persons to be constituted Deacons.

Whereupon brothers Issac Crossett and Stephen Bingham were so elected.

Attest,

J. A. FRENCH, Scribe

(See Files No. 11)

March 22, 1956. Mr. Jacobs publicly read to the Church and
Congregation an affirmative answer to their call. (See File No. 11)

At a meeting of the congregation held previous to previous

meeting, April 1, 1956,

Meeting opened by prayer.

Rev. A. Jacobs was appointed Moderator and J. A. Erickson was

appointed Secretary.

After much deliberation it was resolved, That the articles

of faith of the First Congregational Church of Henningson, be
adopted as the articles of faith of the contemplated second con-
gregational church, after striking the word articles in the 1st
article.

Resolved, That the covenant adopted by the said First Con-
gregational Church be adopted by said contemplated second con-
gregational church, with the following additional pledge:

Not to use or participate in violent action as a crime.

Resolved that we do now proceed to elect persons to be

constituted Deacons.

Whereupon Brother Jacob Erickson and Brother Erickson

were so elected.

Attest,

J. A. Erickson, Secretary

(See File No. 11)

Bennington, April 8th 1838

Dear Sister,

Your request was, that when I had become somewhat settled that I should send you a line, and tell you all about our affairs. We had a very good ride the day we left you and Colerain, to Halifax. Instead however of going to Mr. Boardman's we stopped a little short of there at the house of Mr. Brooks, a brother of the late Rev. Asa Brooks my near friend and associate in Virginia. He lived in the house with his mother. They stopped us as we were passing the door and most kindly entertained us. We spent the evening very pleasantly and I trust profitably. The next day we arrived at this place about sunset. We had some rain by the way, but did not get much wet. We went into a house where we were invited near by, and took tea and then went and spent the night at Dr. Smith's. The next day was very cold and blustering. We went busily to work arranging our furniture. About noon the load arrived which we left in our door yard when we set out. Not one of our loads were upset, nor was any article broken. Some things were rubbed and a small piece split from my study table, but not to injure it much. Not an article of glass or crockery was broken. Our house will be pretty convenient and pleasant when we come to have the whole of it. At present Mr. Willis the baptist clergyman occupies the front chamber and a bed-room adjoining it. He boards with Mr. Lobdell who lives in the wing of the house separated from ours by a shed. He will probably leave here in about 3 weeks. We shall probably let the family remain in the wing. I give \$100 dollars for the rent of the place a year.

Birmingham, April 2nd 1893

Dear Sister,

Your account was, that when I had become somewhat settled
that I should send you a line, and tell you all about our affairs.
We had a very good time the day we left you and Galsworthy, to tell
you. Instead of going to Mr. Galsworthy's we stopped at the
the short of them at the house of Mr. Galsworthy, a friend of the
late Mr. Galsworthy. And through my next friend and associate is William.
We lived in the house with his father. They stopped as we were
passing the door and most kindly entertained us. The next day we
evening very pleasantly and I found myself very comfortable.
arrived at this place about midnight. We had some rain by the way.
but did not get much wet. We went into a house where we were
invited to stay, and took tea and then went and spent the night
at Mr. Galsworthy's. The next day was very cold and disagreeable. We
went finally to work arranging our furniture. I don't know the last
arrived when we left in our door yard when we sat out. Not one
of our loads were upset, nor was any article broken. Some things
were broken and a small glass and a few other things, but not
to injure it much. Now an article of glass or copper was broken
then. Our house will be pretty comfortable and pleasant when we
come to have the whole of it. At present Mr. Galsworthy the people
disagreeable because the front chamber and a bed-room adjoining it.
He shares with Mr. Galsworthy who lives in the wing of the house
separated from ours by a shed. He will probably leave here in
about 3 weeks. We shall probably let the family remain in the
wing. I have \$100 dollars for the rent of the place a year.

There are 12 or 15 acres of land, part pasturage and part mowing, and some 10 or 12 apple trees. The house has been much abused by renting it. I have had the influenza since I came here pretty bad, but am nearly over it. The rest of us are in usual health, Many children about us have been ill with influenza.

The snow has disappeared from the open fields except the remnant here and there of an old drift. The road through this street is settled and dry, though the roads in many parts of the town are very muddy. Some of the farmers have pretty extensive sugar orchards.

Last Sabbath we organized our Sunday school with somewhat flattering prospects. We trust it will be prosperous. Last Tuesday the portion of the church which calculated to be organized into a new church met and adopted articles of faith and a covenant and elected two men for deacons. One of the Deacons elected is a brother of Rev. Hiram Bingham of the Sandwich Island Mission.

The day selected for the organization of the Church and for my installation is Wednesday the 27th of this month. I expect Mr. Walker of Brattleboro to preach the sermon. Of our prospects here I know no more than when I saw you. I have never considered them of the most flattering kind. One privilege we have here which we did not have in Colerain. We have neighbors. We can call on other families and they frequently call on us. In Colerain there was no intercourse with our neighbors but that of necessary business. ————— Our children are all attending the Academy. Aretas is studying Algebra, Chemistry and Grammar. Elihu has Algebra, Philosophy and Grammar. Sarah is upon Arith-

There are 12 or 13 acres of land, some pasture and some woods.
and some 10 or 12 apple trees. The house has been much altered
by renting it. I have had the influence since I came here greatly
less, but as nearly over it. The rest of us are in usual health,
many children about us have been ill with influenza.

The house has disappeared from the open fields except the
remnant here and there of an old ditch. The road through this
district is settled and dry, though the roads in many parts of the
low are very muddy. Some of the farmers have pretty extensive
sugar orchards.

Last Sabbath we organized our Sunday school with a number
of interesting prospects. We trust it will be prosperous. Last Tues-
day the portion of the church which claimed to be organized in-
to a new church met and adopted articles of faith and a covenant
and elected two men for deacons. One of the deacons elected is a
brother of Rev. Elisha Wilson of the Welsh Island Mission.

The day selected for the organization of the church and
for its installation is Wednesday the 27th of this month. I expect
Mr. Walker of Bethlehem to preach the sermon. Of our prospects
here I know no more than when I saw you. I have never consulted
them of the most flattering kind. Our activities we have here
which we did not have in Colerain. We have prospects. We can
call on other families and they frequently call on us. In Coler-
ain there was no intercourse with our neighbors but that of nec-
essary business. Our children are all attending
the Academy. Arden is studying Algebra, Chemistry and Grammar.
Elisha has Algebra, Trigonometry and Grammar. Sarah is now at the

metic and United States History and Geography, and Martha says she reads her letters and spells her letters.

Miss Swain helped us a little more than a week and went into the factory a week. The factory then stopped for want of cotton and cannot again move till the ice clears out of Hudson's River. She is now helping my wife again, and is making up her gown which she brought from Colerain. Our children are much pleased with the Academy. The boys are making pretty good improvement.

We have tapped 6 trees, and are boiling sap today. We have gathered last night and today about a barrel. The children intend sugaring off tomorrow. Thus have I given you all the news I can think of at present, and perhaps as much as you will wish.

I have had no small trials in leaving Colerain. When the application was first made, I shrank back from it, feeling too strongly attached to my friends in that place to leave them. The more however, I considered the subject, the more weight I attached to the education of our children. And though I first gave a negative answer I was led to consider the second and more pressing application from this place as an opening in Providence to benefit my children. This step raised against me in Colerain a set of indignant feelings. Had the people here declined giving me a call, I believe the people in Colerain would have pushed me away from them and have rejoiced to have seen me in trouble. One man, who had stood as a firm friend, talked to me as he would to a boy, and, I suppose, thought he had done something great. He

and the United States History and Geography, and Latin was
the trade for history and again for history.
Miss Gwalt helped us a little more than a week and then
into the factory a week. The factory then stopped for some
cotton and wanted some more till the ice cleared out of Hudson's
River. She is now helping my wife again, and is working on her
own which she brought from Colombia. Our children are much
pleased with the factory. The boys are working very good in
provement.
We have tapped 6 trees, and are boiling sap today. We
have collected last night and today about a barrel. The children
are working off tomorrow. You have I given you all the
sap I can think of at present, and perhaps as much as you will
want.
I have had no small trials in leaving Colombia. When
the application was first made, I should have been in, feeling
too strongly attached to my friends in that place to leave them.
The more however, I considered the subject, the more weight I
attached to the education of our children. And though I first
gave a negative answer I was led to reconsider the second and more
strongly application from this place as an opening in Providence
to benefit my children. This also raised against us in Colombia
a set of indignant feelings. And the people here decided giving
us a call, I believe the people in Colombia would have pushed us
away from them and have refused to have seen us in person. But
now, she has stood as a firm friend, talked to us as we would to
a boy, and, I suppose, thought we had here something great. He

has been in Bennington, just before we moved, and has made his bitter wailings. He called on Mr. Hooker, the minister in the other Village and tried to sour his mind, as well as hunt up something by which to accuse Dr. Smith. The feelings manifested before the Council, were many of them such as I had not looked for. And they evince to me that their attachments to me savored too much of carnal policy. They have made arrangements for bringing up arrearages, and speak of it to me with a vengeance. They seem to thrust me away, as though glad to have me clear out. The more I look at their feelings, the more I think I have done right. If I have done wrong, I hope that God will forgive me.

I have much to do here. Everything is to start anew. Much effort will be necessary. Whether the Lord will smile upon our efforts or frown upon them he only knows. O! I need much more humility and faith and fervor. But I cast myself on God's grace. If he has work for me here, he will supply me with grace for its accomplishment.

Mrs. L. sends much love

Your affectionate brother

ARETAS LOOMIS

has been in Washington, just before we moved, and had said his
eldest daughter. He called on Mr. Hoover, the minister in the
other village and tried to show his mind, as well as heart and
something by which to secure Mr. Hoover. The feeling was
loved before the Council, were many of them such as I had not
looked for. And they were to me that their attachment to me
seemed too much of a natural policy. They have made arrangements
for bringing up my daughter, and speak of it to me with a ten-
dency. They seem to think me away, as though glad to have
me leave. The more I look at their feelings, the more I
think I have done right. If I have done wrong, I hope that God
will forgive me.

I have much to do here. Everything is so started.
Much effort will be necessary. Whether the Lord will make good
our efforts or I know soon they will be only known. Of I need more
more faithfully and faith and fervor. But I rest myself on God's
grace. If he has work for me here, he will supply me with
grace for his accomplishment.

Mrs. J. Anna Smith Love

Your affectionate daughter

ANNA LOVE

Letter from Williamstown to Pownal Church, 1851

To the Con^l Church in Pownal

The First Cong^l Church in Williamstown

Sendeth Greeting

Rev. & Beloved,

You are hereby invited by your delegate to meet in Council with other churches at the First Church in this place, on Thursday the 17th inst. at 9 o'clock A.M. for the purpose, if the Council see fit, after due examination, of ordainin to the gospel ministry, Mr. Marshall D. Sanders, a graduate of the Auburn Theol. Seminary and an accepted Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. to Ceylon.

With Christian Salutations

Yours on behalf of the Church

A PETERS, Pastor

Williamstown P.S. The annual exhibition of the Adelphic
July 7, 1851 Union Society in College will occur on Wednesday
evening the 16th. If you will report yourself at that meeting or
at my house, a place of lodging will be assigned you

Yours truly

A. PETERS

Follows list of other churches invited:

Williams College
S. Williamstown
N. Adams
S. Adams
Windsor
Dalton
Hinsdale

Peru
Lanesboro
Pittsfield 1st
" 2nd West
" South
Richmond
Canaan 4 Corners

Lenox
Lee
Stockbridge
"
Curtisville
Rev. D^r Hichcoke of
Auburn (to
Rev. Mr. Horsington

Letter from Williamstown to General Church, 1881

To the Hon. General Church in New York

The First Congregational Church in Williamstown

Respectfully

Rev. & Beloved,

You are hereby invited by your delegates to meet in Conn-
ecticut with other churches at the First Church in this place, on Thurs-
day the 17th inst. at 9 o'clock A.M. for the purpose, if the Com-
mittee see fit, after the examination of candidates for the ministry. We
trust, Mr. Marshall D. Roberts, a graduate of the Andover Theol. Sem-
inary and an accepted Ministry of the A.S.M. of the Region.

With Christian Salutations

Yours on behalf of the Church

A. PRINCE, Pastor

Williamstown N.H. The annual exhibition of the Adelphe
July 7, 1881 Union Society in College will occur on Wednesday
evening the 10th. If you will report yourself at that meeting or
at my house, a place of lodging will be assigned you

Yours truly

A. PRINCE

Follows list of other churches invited:

Williamstown	Rev. & Beloved	Rev. & Beloved
Andover	Rev. & Beloved	Rev. & Beloved
Amherst	Rev. & Beloved	Rev. & Beloved
Amherst	Rev. & Beloved	Rev. & Beloved
Amherst	Rev. & Beloved	Rev. & Beloved
Amherst	Rev. & Beloved	Rev. & Beloved
Amherst	Rev. & Beloved	Rev. & Beloved
Amherst	Rev. & Beloved	Rev. & Beloved
Amherst	Rev. & Beloved	Rev. & Beloved
Amherst	Rev. & Beloved	Rev. & Beloved

Letter from Mrs. C. Park to her children

"I sit a great deal with dear Mrs. Loomis who is expecting Death at any hour. She always welcomes me with a smile - she feels like the Apostle Paul, I am now ready to be offered."

Jan 3

"Dear Mrs. Loomis, I was in there just now (as I do every day) told her about you. Tears started to her eyes when she said 'Give my love to him; tell him to make a faithful soldier of the Lord.' She is a great sufferer; but always peaceful and happy. Her sons were both here last week to visit her, probably for the last time. They are both ministers."

Letter from Mrs. J. B. to her children

"I sit a great deal with dear Mrs. J. B. and is ex-
pecting to see her at any hour. She always welcomes me with a smile -
she feels like the Rosalie from 'I am not ready to be offered'."

Jan 2

"Dear Mrs. J. B., I was in there last night as I do every
day, I told her about you. There started to get tired when she said
'Give my love to him; tell him to make a faithful minister of the
Lord.' This is a great comfort; but always successful and happy.
Her name was not here last week to visit her, probably for the
last time. They are both ministers."

Parley Vale, Boston, Sep. 11th 189 [?]

My dear Father,

The press of work in the early fall, Standing Committee meeting, made it necessary to delay my visit to Colrain until yesterday. I could not therefore reach there until afternoon and so missed the valuable historic address of the morning, which I know I should have enjoyed. Mr. Crooks has, however, promised to send me a printed copy of it which I shall forward to you if it shall be printed which I judge will be the case. I took the morning express from Boston yesterday, had lunch at the Greenfield station, reach Shelburne Falls in early afternoon and thence took a trolley car up the valley beside the swift North River, between rugged wooded hills, with small plots of rather rich corn-planted alluvial land along the edges of the stream. We passed two cotton mills on the way with villages about them both of which belong to the Griswolds, one of whom was chairman of the afternoon meeting and evidently the principal man of the Church, appears to be a man fine quality.

I was greatly pleased by the appearance of the church. The novel feature is that of facing the whole congregation when you enter, a plan that I should judge would be a promoter of punctuality.

It has been freshly decorated within and painted without and is very attractive. I was proud of my Grandfather for having gotten up so good a building. I think that I located your house from the description in your letter, tho' nobody that

Dear Sir,

My dear Sir,

The press of work in the early fall, Standing Committee meeting, and if necessary to delay my visit to Concord until yesterday, I could not otherwise reach there until afternoon and so missed the religious history address of the morning, which I know I should have enjoyed. Mr. Brooks has, however, promised to send me a printed copy of it which I shall forward to you as soon as it shall be printed which I judge will be the case. I took the morning express from Boston yesterday, had lunch at the Greenfield station, reached Concord at 10:30 in early afternoon and then took a stroll up the valley beside the Swift River, between rugged wooded hills, with small plots of rather rich corn-planted land along the edge of the stream. We passed two cotton mills on the way with villages about them both of which belong to the Griswolds, one of whom was chairman of the afternoon meeting and evidently the principal man of the town, appears to be a man of fine quality.

I was greatly pleased by the appearance of the church. The novel feature is that of facing the whole congregation when you enter, a plan that I should judge would be a provision of some utility.

It has been freshly decorated within and painted without and is very attractive. I was proud of my Granville for having gotten up so good a building. I think that I received your house from the description in your letter, tho' nobody that

I met could be sure. Seventy five years is a good while. There are still maple trees on the street before it, and very large old ones beside it in the rear. 'Tis located on the left hand as you approach the church from Shelburne Falls, perhaps three hundred yards from the church, has the plain and the river behind and is the only story and a half house I saw on that side of the street. It seemed in good repair, tho' a fresh coat of paint would not have harmed it. Behind it is a large barn which I judged was much more recent in erection than the house, not over 25 or 30 years old, I should say. Next door to the house was a pretty new parsonage, built on the site of a former dwelling which had been burned down.

The peculiarity of the house that I took to be Grandfather's was that there were small windows in the upstairs half story, over the larger ones of the ground floor, facing the street, not dormer windows.

The speeches were excellent in matter and spirit, kind words were spoken of Grandfather by others than myself and the work he accomplished was referred to, uniting the two societies, building the church, organizing the Sunday School, conducting a great revival in consequence of which about 50 joined the Church at once. I was proud to be of his blood. My own speech was not a long one. I bro't a greeting from the present as well as the past speaking of our own deep indebtedness in Union Church to the country and village churches and pastors and I gave a brief account of Grandfather and of his children.

- - - - -

A great deal of love from all

SAM

I had heard of this. Recently five years is a good while. There
are still people there on the street before it, and very large and
much better in the rear. The location on the left hand as you
approach the church from the street is a very fine building
which from the street, has the plain and the river behind it.
The only story and a half house I saw on that side of the street.
It seemed in good repair. The French coat of arms would not have
been at. Behind it is a large barn which I judged was much more
recent in erection than the house, not over 25 or 30 years old. I
should say. Next door to the house was a pretty new garage.
On the side of a former dwelling which has been burned down.
The peculiarity of the house that I took to be Grandfather's
was that there were small windows in the upstairs half story,
over the larger ones of the ground floor, facing the street, and
other windows.

The speeches were excellent in matter and spirit. Many
words were spoken of Grandfather by others than myself and the work
in connection was referred to, including the two societies, which
the church, organizing the Sunday school, conducting a great
festival in connection of which about 50 joined the Church as such.
I was proud to be of his blood. My own speech was not a long one.
I tried to speak from the present as well as the past speaking of
our own deep indebtedness in Union Church to the country and vi-
sible churches and pastors and I gave a brief account of Grand-
father and of his children.

A great deal of love from all

Life of Rev. Aretas Loomis as recorded in
Funeral Sermon

Born Southampton 1790

Graduated at Williams 1815

Studied theology with Rev. Vinson Gould of Southampton

Licensed by Hampshire Association in August 1817

Ordained an Evangelist at Belchertown, Mass. 1818, May

Missionary one year in Western Virginia under auspices Hampshire
Missionary Society

Afterward preached as supply in Randolph County, Virginia, 6½ year

Returned to Vermont, preached short time in Windsor and Castleton, Vt.

Settled pastor in Colerain, 1829--1836

Settled Bennington 1836--1850, Nov. 6

Supplied short time in Preston, Connecticut

1851) Hebron, N.Y. Presbyterian

1855) Stayed 6 months in Hoosic Falls with son-in-law
Rev. Andrew M. Beveridge

1856 April, returned to Bennington

1857 August, died in Bennington

Psalm 37:37 Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for
the end of that man is peace.

Christian consistency

File in new, first issue as recorded in

General Index

From September 1950

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